FORBES
DEL. ET. SC.

Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1838. VOL VIII Nº 22.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Our friend P." shall be obliged as soon as we can find the work referred to in his letter, and we shall be glad to hear from him frequently.

A. T. Esq. of Locust Grove—on file for next week's paper.

To J. H. W. Esq., of Quebec—Mr. J. P. sailed for London some six weeks since; many thanks for your disposition of the 10 copies, and your promise.

M. B. Esq. of Lebanon, shall hear from us through the mail as soon as we can answer his queries satisfactorily. Both gents are out of town.

Miss Missouri was *not* seventeen until the 11th of Sept. next.

T. D. Rice (Jim Crow) *has* been in town for a week or more.

Van Zant is *not* dead, nor Flynn neither, though people threaten to hiss **Booth** if he ever appears here, for not "killing him entirely" at Charleston.

We have *not* accused the Miss Nancy of the Ann Street nuisance of being "the gin drinkingest" editor in Gotham. According to John Sefton, he lives principally one way, and generally another, and we should not be surprised any day to hear of his being found dead with "a soup ticket" in his pocket.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—The weather has been so oppressively warm this week as to have kept people out of the house. The Lady of Lyons, on Monday, introduced Connor (from Philadelphia), and Jamieson (from Charleston) as *Claude Melnotte* and *Beauseant.* Their reception was flattering, and they acquitted themselves much to the satisfaction of the few persons present.

Clarke's farewell benefit on Tuesday attracted the best house of the week—a compliment he richly merited. His daughter played Little Pickle delightfully, and Browne, from the National, made "a palpable hit" as Tag. Some of Geer's Imitations are said to have been fine. He played one act of *Othello* to Neafie's *Iago*, and the latter did an act of *Damon;* neither would feel very highly complimented at the public expression of our private opinion with regard to their histrionic abilities.

Mr. Gann, a capital "old man," made his first appearance on these boards on Wednesday as *Antonio,* in The Wife. He is engaged to sustain Clarke's line of business.

Barrett and his wife are playing at the Franklin. Old Barnes and family have just arrived in town. Geo. Jones and his lady have secured Dawes' new tragedy. Owing to the serious illness of his family at Louisville, Parsons was obliged to throw up his engagement at the Park; or he would have opened the season.

The notorious *Hamblin* advertised in the last "Sunday News" that the National theatre would be opened by him on Thursday last. Fortunately for the owners of the property, and the respect due to the laws, the demonstrations of public detestation were so universal, that he and his myrmidons had not the hardihood to carry their design into effect. Let them beware how they tamper with the excited feelings of an outraged and indignant community.

> "You have among ye, killed a most sweet lady,
> And her death shall fall heavy on you."

Eaton was playing at Detroit on the 4th. Charles Mason is at Nashville. Theatres are open at Chicago, Frankfort, Lexington, and half a dozen other new theatrical towns in the West. Fredericks has joined Abbott & Latham at Buffalo. Forbes is in town recruiting.

Niblo's Garden is nightly filled to excess. The Vaudeville company, with the inimitable John Sefton at its head, is the best in the country, and Niblo has the wonderful Ravels as a *corps de reserve.*

NEW BOOKS, Etc.

One of the most grateful demonstrations of the partial resumption of business generally, is the appearance upon our table of several new works. Half a dozen have been placed there within the last week, and though we have not had leisure to give them all the attention they appear to merit, we feel assured that much intellectual gratification is in store for us. The first to "knock at our ear and beseech our listening" is

Burton, or *The Sieges.* A Romance, by the author of "The Southwest," "Lafitte," etc. 2 vols 12 mo. New York, Harper & Brothers

This work is founded on incidents in the life of the late Aaron Burr, and, as the preface observes, "aims at unfolding the steps by which a chivalrous youth, his heart beating high with honor and patriotism, became, in time, the Cataline of his country." We have enjoyed the acquaintance of Professor Ingraham for many years, and have therefore the less hesitation in endorsing the favorable opinions expressed by our contemporaries in regard to this his last work. They commend it highly, and no doubt deservedly, but of that we shall know more anon, for if there is any quiet nook in this region where the thermometer does not range from 95 to 100, we intend exploring its inmost recess to enjoy the intellectual banquet of our friend.

Lights and Shadows of Irish Life by Mrs S. C. Hall, author of "The Buccaneer," etc. etc. 2 vols, 12 mo. Philadelphia. Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

This is one of the most charming works of this agreeable authoress, who has followed, as she says, "though at a respectful distance, the example of the eloquent and accomplished Scotchman [Professor Wilson, editor of Blackwood's Magazine] and endeavored to do for her country, what he has done for his," by his "Lights and Shadows of *Scottish* Life." Several of the delightful stories contained in these volumes have already courted public favor in periodical works conducted by her husband, but they are none the less pleasant on that account. To meet them once more together is like falling in with half a dozen old and familiar friends, and we set down and enjoy their quiet humor and artless narrative with increased zest after the separation.

Miscellaneous Poems, by John H Hewitt, Esq. 12 mo. pp. 235. Baltimore, N Hickman.

Well done, friend Hewitt! How you have found leisure to edit a newspaper, compose an Oratorio, drill a company, give lessons in music, adapt some twenty songs, found a Glee Club, write prize tales and addresses, look after your little ones, and write two hundred and thirty-five mortal pages of Poetry is more than we can "*guess,*" notwithstanding our vicinage to that state of sin and misery yclept Connecticut. We like Hewitt for "himself alone," for either in the English or Yankee acceptation of the term, he is as "clever" a fellow as "you'd wish to see." He is an out and outer at a song or a story—can throw a fly or draw a sight with Col. Hawker, and for doing pretty much every thing in general, and any thing in particular, we will back him against any man from June to Jericho. In the short preface to his unpretending volume of poems he states that

"He publishes them at the request of many of his friends, and calmly uncovers his head to the merciless peltings of criticism—being fully aware that he has but little *literary* reputation to lose."

Now "that's a lie, old Ferret!" If *he* has no literary reputation to lose, after having written so much and so well, what will Mrs. Grundy say of the nineteen in twenty of the young men of talent in this country, whose claims to immortality are based upon the production of half a dozen very fugitive poems of no higher order of merit than a great number contained in the volume before us? By the bye, two or three of them appeared originally in this paper, and we intend transferring to our columns some others, when we have sufficient leisure to make a judicious selection.

Observations *on the Structure, Physiology Anatomy, and Diseases of the Teeth.* In two parts, by Harvey Burdell, M. D. and John Burdell, Dentist, with Drawings and Illustrations. 8vo. p 96. New York, Gould & Newman.

The above is the title of a most excellent treatise on *the Teeth,* by two practical young men of talent and experience. It would have been noticed as it deserves long since, had not some good natured friend put our first copy in his pocket when setting out on a jaunt to the Springs. The Messrs. Burdell are favorably known in this community as scientific practitioners, and the writer of this brief notice can speak from a personal experience of some years' standing, of their professional skill and success as dentists, and has therefore great pleasure in commending them in the warmest terms, to those who may require their services. The work before us is their joint production, and unpromising as the title may appear, it will be read with interest and profit, as it contains a fund of information, written in a perspicuous and natural style, appropriate to the subject, and highly creditable to its authors.

Woman's Wit; *or Love's Disguises.* A Play, in five acts, by James Sheridan Knowles, author of Virginius, Caius Gracchus, William Tell, The Hunchback, The Love Chase, etc. etc. New York, J & H. G Langley, 57 Chatham street, and Turner & Fisher 52 Chatham-street.

Two New York editions of this beautiful play are before us, and the fact would go far to convince us, was any demonstration required, of the great and merited popularity of Knowles on this side the Atlantic. The play has previously been noticed at some length in our columns, and we trust shortly to see it brought out at the Park. In the meantime we advise every friend of the drama to purchase it, as one of the best reading plays its gifted author has ever penned.

Dental Hygea, *a Poem,* on the Health and Preservation of the Teeth. By Solyman Brown, A. M. author of "Dentilogia," etc. New York, published for the Proprietor.

This is said to be a clever thing, but as yet we have not read it. Mr. Brown is an eminent member of his profession, and from several contributions of his to the periodicals of the day, we should opine he might contrive to invest even the subject of his poem with considerable interest.

No. III. of "The Life and Adventures of *Nicholas Nickleby,*" by *Boz,* is received from Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard—very capital, and the Illustrations by "Phiz" worth the price of the work.

The June numbers of the *American Monthly* (the *Knickerbocker* is not out) and the *Southern Literary Messenger,* are before us: also, Prof. Henry's able N. Y. *Quarterly Review,* but we have had no time to look through their well-filled pages. Is Dearborn afraid to send us Col. Stone's "*Life of Brandt?*" Really "the Indians are coming,' for the Harpers have in press a tale of the Seminole War, by J. B. Ransom, entitled "*Osceola,* or Fact and Fiction," which will soon be out.

Messrs. Turner & Fisher, 52 Chatham street, have sent us a superb lithographed portrait of Edmon S. Connor (now playing at the Park Theatre), in the character of *Romeo.* It is from a drawing of Sully's, and a very beautiful print.

Atwill, of the Music Saloon, Broadway, sent us half a dozen pieces of new music the other day, but three young damsels—we presume "the Girls Up-town"—made a descent upon our sanctum the same afternoon, in our absence, and carried off the whole roll, as usual. We'll thank them, when they make another foray upon our premises, not to pour the entire contents of our inkstand upon our choice plugs of Cavendish, nor empty the sand box into our powder-flask, confound 'em. Just let us catch 'em at it, that's all!

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA!

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

Mount Airy, (near Warsaw, Va.) July 7, 1838.

Dear Sir,—The Spirit of the Times of the 30th ult. contains an article "On Brood Mares and the American Turf," [from the London "Sportsman" for June, 1838,] which induces me to ask as an act of justice to *Autocrat,* to refer your readers to the Memoir of Autocrat in the American Turf Register, and to republish the Earl of Derby's letter to Mr. Tayloe.* He "had reason to think him a good horse." I have reason to think his stock equally good. What stronger evidence would you require, than my taking up three fillies, (without any picking or choosing from tried mares) and running them all in sweepstakes. Name a better 3 year old than *Czarina.* *Alabama,* run by Wm. Williamson, Esq (he writes) is "a racer of the first order." Mr. Pendleton's colt ran 2d to *Red Wing* in a stake at Tree Hill, and I might name some colts in Maryland, too highly valued to be purchased. Do these things look as if "the Americans have discovered the mistake in his stock." The dam of Czarina is stinted to *Priam* and I will be perfectly satisfied should *he* get Czarina's or Alabama's *equal.* The Luzborough filly was *no better*—she lost her first stake to *Hampton.* By the bye, Hampton and *Corsair* are to be trained in my stable this Fall.

Lucy Gwynn (Sussex's sister, and dam of Alabama) has dropped a filly to Imp. Leviathan, and is with Imp. Luzborough. *Lady Johnson,* with a foal by *Zinganee,* is also with Luzborough.

Howa, (stinted and believed with foal to *Mingo.*) Czarina, Alabama, Fourth of May, (2 yrs. old,) by Tranby, out of Zuleika by Gracchus, are to go immediately to Alabama.

Yours resp'y, Wm. H. Tayloe.

P.S. I have noticed the call on several distinguished breeders for information on the treatment of colts. Experience has taught me there is no necessity for any particular kind of management or feeding. All the kind treatment or good and rich feed that can be given a colt won't make him a race horse. I don't say Lady Lightfoot's foals would have been racers—fed or not fed—but I mean such a mare's colts would have run well had they been kept *in growing and wholesome condition,* whether they had large fields or small lots to run in—whether on the grass of N. Y. or sun-burnt fields of the South—whether fed on homony or oats. Colts should never be starved—neither should they be over fed—they should not be kept stabled, nor allowed to run out all weather. Avoid extremes of every kind. In a few words, I believe there is no necessity to treat a colt for the Turf differently to any other colt. *Keep them always in good growing condition, and if they are the right blood, form and action, you may expect race horses.*

Note.—I say nothing of *Eliza Derby,* by Autocrat, knowing her *only* as a winner in Canada and New York. I have not seen her.

W. H. T.

DUANE AND BALIE PEYTON'S RACE.

Oak Forest, Miss., June 16, 1838.

Mr. Porter,—In your paper of the 26th May, your correspondent "I" has reported the Four mile race at Baltimore, between *Duane* and *Balie Peyton,* the former by *Imp. Hedgeford,* and the latter by *Andrew.* I should not trouble you with my feeble remarks upon this race, except for the manifest injustice done to Duane, (not intentionally, as I verily believe). The report leaves us to think him in first rate condition in all respects, mounted by a superior jockey, and fully able to exert his utmost powers. On the other hand, Peyton has every apology that could be suggested, to prove his want of success in this race—to wit:—

"He carried 14lbs. dead weight—was rode by a boy who could not control him—ran with a slack rein—was much too high—looked as if he had been stuffed with straw the over night—in the 2d heat he started 20 yards behind, and was run out of the track in one of the turns," etc.

From all of which accidents and misfortunes, the public may infer he lost the race. Now, Mr. Editor, could any man sum up a more successful train of excuses than are above reported? Yet from the same account it appears, with all Peyton's great powers and speed, Duane was able to reach him at the important crisis near the coming out, or perhaps when called on to do so—he, notwithstanding, was beaten half a length (some 3 or 4 feet) in 7:42½, by this horse Peyton, that was "bloated with fat and stuffed with straw." Can any turfman believe that a horse in such condition, and so badly rode, with so many mishaps and accidents, can run a four mile heat, over a comparatively slow track, in 7:42½?

"I" says, "Duane got 20 yards the start in the 2d heat—Bailie was let off at a quarter lick, and took the lead at the turn, the 2d. probably, from the stand—he was run out the outside of the course, when Duane slipped in, on the inside, and took the lead at the stand—however, Balie was again ahead." And here again the reporter says "Peyton commenced another struggle." Mark, Mr. P., he has just said he was ahead. Then why commence "another struggle?" But, says "I," "he (Peyton) could not catch, but was near lapping him." It was evident, then, that Duane had taken the track at, or very near the stand, because he went at him again, and could not lap him at the hill. On this hill Peyton took time to blow a little. Mark, Mr. Editor, he was not yet up with Duane, but trailed to this veritable hill. "He then went at him again," says the report, "with like success." With what "*like success?*" the success of defeat or failure, or that he lapped or passed Duane again. Either of these positions may be inferred, yet I cannot think it was intended to be so understood, from your correspondent saying, in the next sentence, "it was now clear the race was over." Duane was taken in hand, and won the race in a canter—or rather, "they were brought home in a canter." Is it not evident to any man acquainted with turf matters, that Balie Peyton was a tired horse—that he had no run in him at the finish? Then why not, in fairness, have said, that Duane was pulled up to wait upon his noble, but defeated competitor.

I am sorry to see the meed of praise given too much and too frequently in favor of popular owners, or the favorite horses—perhaps with no design to injure a particular horse, but done without reflection—yet the effect of such a description of a race as the above, upon the public mind, is inevitable. In "I.'s" opinion of the order of Peyton, he must have been greatly mistaken—7:42½, and the last mile in the 1st heat to be run in 1:52½, is strong evidence that the horses were not far from tip top condition.

Yours truly, H.

SPORTING IN ILLINOIS.

Here is something nice from "The Spirit of the West," a paper published at Jacksonville, Illinois, under the head of "Sports of the Slough." Won't the editor give us something more in the same vein?

If any man wishes to realize the *summum bonum* of rural felicity, let him settle on a Illinois bottom, and spend the remainder of his life in sports of the slough. How delightful to rise early in a foggy morning and devote the live-long day to punching alligator-gars in the belly with a pike pole!

What a classical picture is a gaunt, long-limbed, lanthorn-jawed Jonathan, in fisherman's boots and a slouched hat, standing on a brake-bog, in a thunder-storm, with a gig-pole twenty feet long, perched at an angle of 45 degrees, meditating an attack upon a sluggish buffalo fish!

"Gosh! how't thunders—hold, I see him!"

"—— Now I'll 'stonish him"—k'chug, goes the gig-pole.

"—— Six feet in the mud, by jingo!"

Upsets the brake-bog, and pitches headlong into the slough; rises very deliberately with six quarts of tadpoles and a copper snake in his bosom.

"—— Not so d——ly astonished, after all!—Tuk a shute, eh?—Well, don't like these loose jointed standin' places—think I'll break for a mushrat house."

Mounts and stabs a catfish clean through—slings him on his back, and poaches through the water up to his waistbands, for three quarters of a mile, climbs a sycamore tree fifty feet, and finds a last years' wood-duck's nest, breaks a dry limb and falls fifteen feet into the slough—backs out like a turtle, pokes out the mud out of his eyes, shoulders his single catfish, which hangs down to his heels, and drags his heavy boots to his cabin—makes three attempts to sit down in a cane-bottomed chair—slips out every time, so much catfish slime on the seat of his pantaloons—throws a little ashes in it, and makes out to stick—drinks a pint and a half of kilmarnock, and feels as "cute as camfire"—draws his boots and empties out the tadpoles—tumbles into bed—gets up in the morning—eyes look like two gashes cut in a venison ham—nine o clock, begins to shake like a licked dog—wonders what's the matter—"d——d bad climate"—shakes two hours—corks a bottle of kilmarnock—jumps into a dug-out and goes a coonin'!—bad climate indeed, wonder people don't all slope!

Extracts from a letter to the Editor, dated New Orleans June 24.

Dear P.—I now get "the Spirit" regularly, and need hardly say I look over it with much attention—indeed it is the only periodical that I take pleasure in reading. The various communications that you receive must be very amusing, for even those you publish (and I presume that all are not published) are of all sorts. First there is "*N. of Arks.*"—his are always interesting; his opinions are generally correct, and they have always something interesting and amusing in them, and are eagerly looked for. *Pete Whetstone* has also his admirers, and all, no doubt, either amuse themselves or the public by their communications. Even your correspondent from Lauderdale County, who gives you 25 cents worth of news, viz.: that "Glencoe is the best horse in the world, and that his favorite Archy mare had dropped a fine filly by him, which, if it lives is to acquire great fame,"—he no doubt was pleased at the thought of owning so fine a colt, by so good a horse. You say that "*Snaffle*" wrote from Nashville, and wrote only a postscript to his letter. Have you ever been at Nashville? If you never have, do you just go there, and go to Gowdy's, and see if you can write more than a postscript. Why I have been there often, and found it a hard matter even to write the name on the outside of the letter, let alone either P. S. or letter. Your correspondent from Hopkinsville, Ky., signed "*L. B.*" under date of 4th May, in speaking of the race between *Picton* and *Sarah Bladen,* says that "if he should hazard an opinion about P., it would be that he would some day let down in his fore legs." *It appears* that his owners were of the same opinion, as they did not seem willing to try his legs with her in that race. I wonder if his legs will ever get so as to *venture* them in a race with Sarah, for two, three, four, or ten mile heats? I don't think they will.

Very respectfully yours, G. A. P.

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* The Earl of Derby (lately deceased), who bred and ran the renowned Sir Peter, politely answered a letter addressed to him, from "Knowsley, April 21 1833," that "Autocrat, whilst in training, was my property, which I afterwards sold in this neighborhood, when I furnished the pedigree I had received with him when I bought him as a foal. He was bred by Lord Stamford, and got by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver—Scotina by Delpini—Scota by Eclipse." (Scota out of sister in blood to the invincible Highflyer.) "*Nothing can be better bred than Olivetta* and she produced *many winners* by different horses: one called Halston got by Banker, is still in training and is considered a good racer. Autocrat, whilst in my possession, ran severe races, and *I had reason to think him a good horse,* until he had a disorder which made me put him out of training. Then I covered some mares with him. I have several of his get that promise to be useful horses.

(Signed) Derby."

The Yellowplush Correspondence.

DIMOND CUT DIMOND.

The name of my next master was, if posbil, still more ellygant and youfonious than that of my fust. I now found myself boddy servant to the Honrabble **Halgernon Percy Deuceace**, youngest and fifth son of the Earl of Crabs.

Halgernon was a barrystir—that is, he lived in Pump Court, Temple; a wulgar naybrood, witch praps my readers don't no. Suffiz to say, it's on the confines of the city, and the choasen aboad of the lawyers of this metrappolish.

When I say that Mr. Deuceace was a barrystir, I don't mean that he went sesshuns or surcoats (as they call 'em), but simply that he kep chambers, lived in Pump Court, and looked out for a commitionarship, or a revisinship, or any other place that the Wig guvvyment could give him. His father was a Wig pier (as the landriss told me), and had been a Toary pier. The fack is, his lordship was so poar, that he would be anythink, or nothink, to get provisions for his sons, and an inkum for him self.

I phansy that he aloud Halgernon two hundred a year; and it would have been a very comforable maintenants, only he knever paid him.

Owever, the young gnlmn was a gnlmn, and no mistake: he got his allowents of nothink a year, and spent it in the most honrabble and fashnabble manner. He kep a kab—he went to Holmax and Crockfud's—he moved in the most xquizzit suckles—and trubbld the law-boox very little, I can tell you. Those fashnabble gents have ways of getten money, witch comman pipple doant understand.

Though he only had a therd floar in Pump Cort, he lived as if he had the welth of Cresas. The tenpun notes floo abowt as common as haypince—clarrit and shampang was at his house as vulgar as gin; and verry glad I was, to be sure, to be a valley to a zion of the nobillaty.

Deuceace had in his sittin-room a large pictur on a sheet of paper. The names of his family was wrote on it: it was wrote in the shape of a tree, a groin out of a man-in-armer's stomick, and the names were on little plates among the bows. The pictur said that the Deuceaces kem into England in the year 1066, along with William Conqueruns. My master called it his podygree. I do bleev it was because he had this pictur, and because he was the *Honrabble* Deuceace, that he mannitched to live as he did. If he had been a common man, you'd have said he was no better than a swinler. It's only rank and buth that can warrant such singlarities as my master show'd. For it's no use disgysing it—the Honrabble Halgernon was **a gambler**. For a man of wulgar family, it's the wust trade that can be—for a man of common feelinx of honesty, this profession is quite impussbill; but for a real thorough-bread genlmn, it's the esiest and most prophetable line he can take.

It may, praps, aypear curous that such a fashnabble man should live in the Temple; but it must be recklected that its not only lawyers who live in what's called the Ins of Cort. Many batchylers, who have nothink to do with lor, have here their lodginx; and many sham barrysters, who never put on a wig and gownd twise in their lives, kip apartments in the Temple instead of Bon Street, Pickledilly, or other fashnabble places.

Frinstance, on our stairkis (so these houses are called), there was 8 sets of chamberses, and only 3 lawyers. These was, bottom floor, Screwson, Hewson, and Jewson, attorneys; fust floor, Mr Sergeant Flabber—opsite, Mr. Counslor Bruffy; and secknd pair, Mr. Haggerstony, an Irish counslor, pracktising at the Old Baly, and lickwise what they call reporter to the *Morning Post* nyouspapper. Opsite him was wrote

Mr. Richard Blewitt;

and on the thud floar, with my master, lived one Mr. Dawkins.

This young fellow was a new comer into the Temple, and unlucky it was for him too—he'd better have never been born; for its my firm apinion that the Temple ruined him—that is, with the help of my master and Mr. Dick Blewitt, as you shall hear.

Mr. Dawkins, as I was gave to understand by his young man, had jest left the University of Oxford, and had a pretty little fortn of his own—six thousand pound, or so—in the stox. He was jest of age, an orfin who had lost his father and mother; and having distinkwished hisself at collitch, where he gained seffral prices, was come to town to push his fortn, and study the barryster's bisness.

Not bein of a very high fammly hisself—indeed, I've heard say his father was a chismonger, or somethink of that lo sort—Dawkins was glad to find his old Oxford frend, Mr. Blewitt, yonger son to rich Squire Blewitt of Listershire, and to take rooms so near him.

Now, tho' there was a considdrabble intimacy between me and Mr. Blewitt's gentleman, there was scarcely any betwixt our masters,—mine being too much of the aristoxy to associate with one of Mr. Blewitt's sort. Blewitt was what they call a bettin man: he went reglar to Tattlesall's, kep a pony, wore a white hat, a blue berd's-eye hankercher, and a cut-away coat. In his manners he was the very contrary of my master, who was a slim, ellygant man as ever I see—he had very white hands, rayther a sallow face, with sharp dark is, and small wiskus neatly trimmed, and as black as Warren's jet—he spoke very low and soft—he seemed to be watchin the person with whom he was in convysation, and always flattered every body. As for Blewitt, he was quite of another sort. He was always swearin, singin, and slappin people on the back, as hearty and familiar as posbill. He seemed a merry, careless, honest cretur, whom one would trust with life and soul. So thought Dawkins, at last; who, though a quiet young man, fond of his boox, novvles, Byron's poems, floot-playing, and such like scientafic amusemints, grew hand in glove with honest Dick Blewitt, and soon after with my master, the Honrabble Halgernon. Poor Daw! he thought he was makin good connexions, and real frends—he had fallen in with a couple of the most etrocious swinlers that ever lived.

Before Mr. Dawkins's arrival in our house, Mr. Deuceace had barely condysended to speak to Mr. Blewitt: it was only about a month after that suckumstance that my master, all of a sudding, grew very friendly with him. The reason was pretty clear,—Deuceace *wanted him*. Dawkins had not been an hour in master's compny before he knew that he had a pidgin to pluck.

Blewitt knew this too; and bein very fond of pidgin, intended to keep this one entirely to himself. It was amusin to see the Honrabble Halgernon manuvring to get this pore bird out of Blewitt's clause, who thought he had it safe. In fact, he'd brought Dawkins to these chambers for that very porpus, thinking to have him under his eye, and strip him at leisure.

My master very soon found out what was Mr. Blewitt's game. Gamblers know gamblers, if not by instink, at least by reputation; and though Mr. Blewitt moved in a much lower spear than Mr. Deuceace, they knew each other's dealins and caracters pufficklv well.

"Charles, you scoundrel," says Deuceace to me one day (he always spoke in that kind way), "who is this person that has taken the opsit chambers, and plays the flute so industrusly?"

"It's Mr. Dawkins, a rich young gentleman from Oxford, and a great friend of Mr. Blewittses, sir," says I; "they seem to live in each other's rooms."

Master said nothink, but he *grin'd*—my eye, how he did grin! Not the fowl find himself could snear more satannickly.

I knew what he meant.

Imprimish. A man who plays the floot is a simpleton.

Secknly. Mr. Blewitt is a raskle.

Thirdmo. When a raskle and a simpleton is always together, and when the simpleton is *rich*, one knows pretty well what will come of it.

I was but a lad in them days, but I knew what was what as well as my master; it's not gentlemen only that's up to snough. Law bless us! there was four of us on this stairkes, four as nice young men as you ever see; Mr. Bruffy's young man, Mr. Dawkinses, Mr. Blewitt's, and me—and we knew what our masters was about as well as they did theirselfs. Frinstance, I can say this for *myself*, there wasn't a paper in Deuceace's desk or drawer, not a bill, a note, or miserandum, which I hadn't read as well as he: with Blewitt's it was the same—me and his young man used to read 'em all. There wasn't a bottle of wind that we didn't get a glas, nor a pound of sugar that we didn't have some lumps of it. We had keys to all the cupboards—we pipped into all the letters that kem and went—we pored over all the bill-files—we'd the best pickins out of the dinners, the livvers of the fowls, the force-mit balls out of the soup, the egs from the sallit. As for the coals and candles, we left them to the landrisses. You may call this robry—nonsince—it's only our rights—a suvvant's purquizzits is as sacred as the laws of Hengland.

Well, the long and short of it is this. Richard Blewitt, exquire, was sityouated as follows: He'd an inkum of three hundred a year from his father. Out of this he had to pay one hundred and ninety for money borrowed by him at collidge, seventy for chambers, seventy more for his hoss, aty for his suvvant on bord wagis, and about three hundred and fifty for a sepprat establishmint in the Regency Park; besides this, his pockit money, say a hundred, his eatin, drinkin, and wine-marchant's bill, about two hundred moar. So that you see he laid by a pretty handsome sum at the end of the year.

My master was diffrent; and being a more fashnabble man than Mr. B., in course he owed a deal more more money. There was fust:—

Account, *contray*, at Crockford's	£3711	0	0
Bills of xchange and I. O. U's (but he didn't pay these in most cases)	4963	0	0
21 tailor's bills, in all	1306	11	9
3 hossdealer's do	402	0	0
2 coachbilder	506	0	0
Bills contracted at Cambritch	2193	6	8
Sundries	987	10	0
	£14.069	8	5

I give this as a curiosity—pipple doant know how in many cases fashnabble life is carried on; and to know even what a real gnlmn *owes* is somethink instructif and agreeable.

But to my tail. The very day after my master had made the inquiries concerning Mr. Dawkins, witch I have mentioned already, he met Mr. Blewitt on the stairs; and byoutiffle it was to see how this gnlmn, who had before been almost cut by my master, was now received by him. One of the sweatest smiles I ever saw was now vizzable on Mr. Deuceace's countenance. He held out his hand, covered with a white kid glove, and said, in the most frenly tone of vice posbill, "What? Mr. Blewitt! It is an age since we met. What a shame that such near naybors should see each other so seldom!"

Mr. Blewitt, who was standing at his door in a pe-green dressing-gewn, smoakin a segar, and singing a hunting coarus, looked surprised, flattered, and then suspicious.

"Why, yes," says he, "it is, Mr. Deuceace, a long time."

"Not, I think, since we dined at Sir George Hookey's. By the by, what an evening that was—hay, Mr. Blewitt? what wine! what capital songs! I recollect your 'May day in the mornin'—cuss me, the best comick song I ever heard. I was speaking to the Duke of Doncaster about it only yesterday. You know the Duke, I think?"

Mr. Blewitt said quite surly, "No, I don't."

"Not know him!" cries master; "why, hang it, Blewitt! he knows *you*, as every sporting man in England does, I should think. Why, man, your good things are in every body's mouth at Newmarket."

And so master went on chaffin Mr. Blewitt. That gnlmn at fust answered him quite short and angry; but after a little more flumery, he grew as pleased as posbill, took in all Deuceace's flatry, and bleeved all his lies. At last the door shut, and they both went in to Mr. Blewitt's chambers togither.

Of course I can't say what past there; but in an hour master kem up to his own room as yaller as mustard, and smellin sadly of backo smoke. I never see any gnlmn more sick than he was; *he'd been smoakin seagars* along with Blewitt. I said nothink, in course, tho' I'd often heard him xpress his horrow of backo, and knew very well he would as soon swallow pizon as smoke. But he wasn't a chap to do a thing without a reason: if he'd been smoakin, I warrant he had smoked to some porpus.

I did'nt hear the convysation between 'em; but Mr. Blewitt's man did: it was—"Well, Mr. Blewitt, what capital seagars! Have you one for a friend to smoke?" (The old fox, it wasn't only the *seagars* he was a smoakin.)

"Walk in," says Mr. Blewitt; and then they began a chaffin together: master very ankshous about the young gintleman who had come to live in our chambers, Mr. Dawkins, and always coming back to that subject,—sayin that people on the same stairkis ot to be frenly; how glad he'd be, for his part, to know Mr. Dick Blewitt, and *any friend of his*, and so on. Mr. Dick, howsever, seamed quite aware of the trap laid for him.

"I really don't no this Dawkins," says he: "he's a chismonger's son, I hear; and tho' I've exchanged visits with him, I doant intend to continyou the acquaintance,—not wishin to assoshate with that kind of pipple."

So they went on, master fishin, and Mr. Blewitt not wishin to take the hook at no price.

"Confound the vulgar thief!" muttard my master, as he was laying on his sophy, after being so very ill; "I've poisoned myself with his infernal tobacco, and he has foiled me. The cursed swindling boor! he thinks he'll ruin this poor cheesemonger, does he? I'll step in and *warn* him."

I thought I should bust a laffin when he talked in this style. I knew very well what his "warning" meant—lockin the stable door, but stealin the hoss fust.

Next day his strattygam for becoming acquainted with Mr. Dawkins we exicuted, and very pritty it was.

Besides potry and the floot, Mr. Dawkins, I must tell you, had some other parshallities, wiz,—he was wery fond of good eatin and drinkin. After doddling over music and boox all day, this young gnlmn used to sally out of evenings, dine sumptiously at a tavern, drinkin all sots of wind along with his friend Mr. Blewitt. He was a quiet young fellow enough at fust; but it was Mr. B. who (for his own porpuses, no doubt) had got him into this kind of life. Well, I needn't say that he who eats a fine dinner, and drinks too much over night, wants a bottle of soda water, and a gril praps, in the mornink. Such was Mr. Dawkinses case; and reglar almost as twelve o'clock came, the waiter from Dix Coffy-House was to be seen on our stairkis, bringin up Mr. D.'s hot breakfast.

No man would have thought there was any think in such a trifling circkuumstance; master did, though, and pounced upon it like a cock on a barlycorn.

He sent me out to Mr. Morell's, in Pickledilly, for wot's called a Strasbug-pie—in French a "*patty defaw graw.*" He takes a card and nails it on the outside case (patty defaw graws come generally in a round wooden box, like a drumb); and what do you think he writes on it? why, as follos:—"*For the Honourable Algernon Percy Deuceace, &c. &c. &c. With Prince Talleyrand's compliments.*"

Prince Tallyram's complimints, indeed! I laff when I think of it still, the old surpint! He *was* a surpint, that Deuceace, and no mistake.

Well, by a most extrornary piece of ill luck, the nex day, punctially as Mr. Dawkinses brexfas was coming *up* the stairs, Mr Halgernon Percy Deuceace was goin *down*. He was as gay as a lark, humming and Oppra tune, and twizzting round his head his hevy gold-headed cane. Down he went very fast, and by a most unlucky axdent struck his cane against the waiter's tray, and away went Mr. Dawkinses grill, kayann, kitchup, soda-water, and all! I can't think how my master should have choas such an exact time; to be sure, his windo looked upon the cort, and he could see every one who came into our door.

As soon as the axdent had took place, master was in such a rage as, to be sure, no man ever was in befor; he swoar at the waiter in the most dreddfle way; he threatened him with his stick; and it was only when he see that the waiter was rayther a bigger man than his self that he was in the least pazzyfied. He returned to his own chambres; and John, the waiter, went off for more grill to Dixes Coffy House.

"This is a most unlucky axdent, to be sure, Charles," says master to me, after a few minnits paws, during which he had been and wrote a note, put it into an antelope, and sealed it with his bigg seal of arms. "But stay—a thought strikes me—take this note to Mr. Dawkins, and that pye you brought yesterday; and hearkye, you scoundrel, if you say where you got it I will break every bone in your skin!"

These kind of prommises were among the few which I knew him to keep; and as I loved boath my skinn and my boans, I carried the noat, and of cors said nothink. Waiting in Mr. Dawkinses chambus for a few minnits, I returned to my master with an anser. I may as well give both of these documence, of which I happen to have taken coppies.

I.

"*The Hon.* A. P. Deuceace *to* T. S. Dawkins, *Esq.*

"*Temple, Tuesday.*

"Mr. Deuceace presents his compliments to Mr. Dawkins, and begs at the same time to offer his most sincere apologies and regrets for the accident which has just taken place.

"May Mr. Deuceace be allowed to take a neighbor's privilege, and to remedy the evil he has occasioned to the best of his power? If Mr. Dawkins will do him the favor to partake of the contents of the accompanying case (from Strasburg direct, and the gift of a friend, on whose taste as a gourmand Mr. Dawkins may rely), perhaps he will find that it is not a bad substitute for the *plat* which Mr. Deuceace's awkwardness destroyed.

"It will, also, Mr. Deuceace is sure, be no small gratification to the original donor of the *paté*, when he learns that it has fallen into the hands of so celebrated a *bon vivant* as Mr. Dawkins.

"*T. S. Dawkins, Esq. &c. &c. &c.*

II.

"*From* T. S. Dawkins, *Esq. to the Hon.* A. P. Deuceace.

"Mr. Thomas Smith Dawkins presents his grateful compliments to the Hon. Mr. Deuceace, and accepts with the greatest pleasure Mr. Deuceace's generous proffer.

"It would be one of the *happiest moments* of Mr. Smith Dawkins's life, if the Hon. Mr Deuceace would *extend his generosity* still further, and condescend to partake of the repast which his *magnificent politeness* has furnished.

"*Temple, Tuesday.*"

Many and many a time, I say, have I grind over these letters, which I had wrote from the orignal by Mr Bruffy's copyin clark. Deuceace's flam about Prince Tallyram was puffickly successful. I saw young Dawkins blush with delite as he red the note; he toar up for or five sheets before he composed an anser to it, which was as you read abuff, and roat in a hand quite trembling with pleasyer. If you could but have seen the look of triumth in Deuceace's wicked black eyes, when he read the noat! I never see a deamin yet, but I can phansy 1, a holding a writhing soal on his pitchfrock, and smilin like Deuceace. He dressed himself in his very best clothes, and in he went, after sending me over to say that he would xcept with pleasyour Mr. Dawkins's invite.

The pie was cut up, and a most frenly conversation begun between the two genlmin. Deuceace was quite captivating. He spoke to Mr. Dawkins in the most respeckful and flatrin manner,—agread in every think he said,—prazed his taste, his furniter, his coat, his classick nolledge, and his playin' on the floot; you'd have thought, to hear him, that such a polygon of exlens as Dawkins did not breath,—that such a modist, sinsear, honrabble genlmn as Deuceace was to be seen no where xcept in Pump Cort. Pore Daw complitly taken in. My master said he'd introduce him to the Duke of Doncaster, and Heaven knows how many nobs more, till Dawkins was quite intawsicated with pleasyour. I know as a fack (and it pretty well shews the young genlmn's carryter), that he went that very day, and ordered 2 new coats, on porpus to be introjuiced to the lords in.

But the best joak of all was at last. Singin, swagrin, and swarink—up stares came Mr. Dick Blewitt. He flung open Mr. Dawkins' door, shouting out, "Daw, my old buck, how are you?" when, all of a sudden, he sees Mr. Deuceace: his jor dropt, he turned chocky white, and then burnin red, and looked as if a stror would knock him down. "My dear Mr. Blewitt," says my master, smilin, and offring his hand, "how glad I am to see you. Mr. Dawkins and I were just talking about your pony! Pray sit down."

Blewitt did; and now was the question, who should sit the other out; but, law bless you! Mr. Blewitt was no match for my master; all the time he was fidgetty, silent, and sulky; on the contry, master was charmin. I never herd such a flo of conversatin, or many wittacisms as he uttered. At last, completely beat, Mr. Blewitt took his leaf; that instant master followed him; and passin his arm through that of Mr. Dick, led him into our chambers, and began talkin to him in the most affabl and affeckshnat manner.

But Dick was too angry to listen; at last, when master was telling him some long stoary about the Duke of Doncaster, Blewitt bust out—

"A plague on the Duke of Doncaster! Come, come, Mr. Deuceace, don't you be running your rigs upon me; I an't the man to be bamboozl'd by long-winded stories about dukes and duchesses. You think I don't know you; every man knows you, and your line of country. Yes, you're after young Dawkins there, and think to pluck him; but you shan't,—no, by —— you shan't." (The reader must recklect that the oaths which interspussed Mr. B.'s convysation I hav lift out.) Well, after he'd fired a wolley of 'em, Mr. Deuceace spoke as cool and slow as posbill.

"Heark ye, Blewitt. I know you to be one of the most infernal thieves and scoundrels unhung. If you attempt to hector with me, I will cane you; if you want more, I'll shoot you; if you meddle between me and Dawkins, I will do both. I know your whole life, you miserable swindler and coward. I know you have already won two hundred pounds of this lad, and want all. I will have half, or you never shall have a penny." It's quite true master knew things; but how, was the wonder.

I couldn't see Mr. B.'s face during this dialogue, bein on the wrong side of the door; but there was a considdrabble paws after these complymints had passed between the two genlmn,—one walkin quickly up and down the room,—tother, angry and stupid, sittin down, and stampin with his foot.

"Now listen to this, Mr. Blewitt," continues master, at last; "if you're quiet, you shall have half this fellow's money: but venture to win a shilling of him in my absence, or without my consent, and you do it at your peril."

"Well, well, Mr. Deuceace," cries Dick, "it's very hard, and, I must say, not fair: the game was of my starting, and you've no right to interfere with my friend."

"Mr. Blewitt, you are a fool! You professed yesterday not to know this man, and I was obliged to find him out for myself. I should like to know by what law of honor I am bound to give him up to you?"

It was charmin to hear this pair of raskles talkin about *honor*. I declare I could have found it in my heart to warn young Dawkins of the precious way in which these chaps were going to serve him. But if *they* didn't know what honor was, *I* did; and never did I tell tails about my masters when in their sarvice—*out*, in cors, the hobligation is no longer binding.

Well, the nex day there was a gran dinner at our chambers. White soop, turbit, and lobstir sos; saddil of Scoch muttn, grous, and M'Arony; winds, shampang, hock, madeira, a bottle of poart, and ever so many of clarrit. The compny present was three; wiz., the Honrabble A. P. Deuceace, R. Blewitt, and Mr. Dawkins, Exquires. My i, how we genlmn in the kitchen did enjy it! Mr. Blewittes man eat so much grows (when it was brot out of the parlor), that I reely thought he would be sik; Mr. Dawkinses gnlmn (who was ony abowt 13 years of age) grew so il with M'Arony and plumb puddn, as to be obleeged to take sefral of Mr. D.'s pils, which ½ kild him. But this is all promiscuous: I an't talkin of the survants now, but the masters.

Would you bleev it? After dinner (and praps 8 bottles of wind betwin the 3) the genlmen sat down to *écarty*. It's a game where only 2 plays, and where, in coarse, when there's only 3, one looks on.

Fust, they playd crown pints, and a pound the bett. At this game they were wonderful equill; and about supper-time (when grilled am, more shampang, devld biskits, and other things was brot in) the play stood thus: Mr. Dawkins had won 2 pounds; Mr. Blewitt, 30 shillings; the Honrabble Mr. Deuceace having lost £3 10s. After the devvle and the shampang the play was a little higher. Now it was pound pints, and five pound the bet. I thought, to be sure, after hearing the complyments between Blewitt and master in the morning, that now pore Dawkins's time was come.

Not so: Dawkins won always, Mr. B. betting on his play, and giving him the very best of advice. At the end of the evening (which was abowt five o'clock the nex morning) they stopt. Master was counting up the skore on a card.

"Blewitt," says he, "I've been unlucky. I ow you—let me see—yes, five-and-forty pounds!"

"Five-and-forty," says Blewitt, "and no mistake!"

"I will give you a cheque," says the honrabble genlmn.

"Oh! don't mention it, my dear sir!" But master got a grate sheet of paper and drew him a check on Messers Pump, Algit, and Co., his bankers.

"Now," says master, "I've got to settle with you, my dear Mr. Dawkins. If you had backd your luck, I should have owed you a very handsome sum of money. *Voyons:* thirteen points, at a pound—it is easy to calculate;" and, drawin out his puss, he clinked over the table 13 goolden suverings, which shon till they made my eyes wink.

So did pore Dawkinses, as he put out his hand, all trembling, and drew them in.

"Let me say," added master, "let me say (and I've had some little experience), that you are the very best *écarté* player with whom I ever sat down."

Dawkins eyes glissened as he put the money up, and said, "Law, Deuceace, you flatter me!"

Flatter him! I should think he did. It was the very thing which master ment.

"But mind you, Dawkins," continyoud he, "I must have my revenge; for I'm ruined—positively ruined—by your luck."

"Well, well," says Mr. Thomas Smith Dawkins, as pleased as if he had gained a millium, "shall it be to-morrow? Blewitt, what say you?"

Mr. Blewitt agreed, in course. My master, after a little demurring, consented too. "We'll meet," says he, "at your chambers. But mind, my dear fello, not too much wind: I can't stand it at any time, especially when I have to play *écarté* with *you*."

Pore Dawkins left our rooms, as happy as a prins. "Here, Charles," says he, and flung me a sovring. Pore fellow! pore fellow! I knew what was a comin!

* * * * * *

But the best of it was, that these 13 sovrings which Dawkins won, *master had borrowed them from Mr. Blewitt!* I brought 'em with 7 more, from that young genlmn's chambers that very morning: for, since his interview with master, Blewitt had nothing to refuse him.

* * * * * *

Well, shall I continue the tail? If Mr. Dawkins had been the least bit wiser, it would have taken him six months before he lost his money; as it was, he was such a confounded ninny, that it took him a very short time to part with it.

Nex day (it was Thusday, and master's acquaintance with Mr. Dawkins had only commenced on Tuesday), Mr. Dawkins, as I said, gev his party,—dinner at 7. Mr. Blewitt and the two Mr. D.'s as befoar. Play begins at 11. This time I knew the bisniss was pretty serious, for we suvvants was packed off to bed at 2 o'clock. On Friday, I went to chambers—no master—he kem in for 5 minutes at about 12, made a little toilit, ordered more devvles and soda water, and back again to Mr. Dawkins's.

They had dinner there at 7 again, but nobody seemed to eat, for all the vittles came out to us genlmen: they had in more wind though, and must have drunk at least 2 dozen in the 36 hours.

* * * * * *

At ten o'clock, however, on Friday night, back my master came to his chambers. I saw him as I never saw him before, reglar drunk. He staggered about the room, he danced, he hickipd, he swoar, he flung me a heap of silver, and, finely, he sunk down exosted on his bed; I pullin off his boots and close, and makin him comfrabble.

When I had removed his garmints, I did what it's the duty of every servant to do—I emtied his pockits, and looked at his pockit-book and all his letters: a number of axdents have been prevented that way.

I found there, among a heap of things, the following pretty dockyment:

I. O U.

£47.0

Thomas Smith Dawkins.

Friday,
16th January.

There was another bit of paper, of the same kind—"I. O. U. four hundred pounds, Richard Blewitt:" but this, in cors, ment nothink.

* * * * * *

Next morning, at nine, master was up, and as sober as a judg. He drest, and was off to Mr. Dawkins. At 10, he ordered a cab, and the two genlmn went together.

"Where shall he drive, sir?" says I.

"O, tell him to drive to the Bank."

Pore Dawkins! his eyes red with remors and sleepless drunkenniss, gave a shudder and a sob, as he sunk back in the wehicle; and he drove on.

That day he sol'ed out every hapny he was worth, xcept five hundred pounds.

* * * * * *

Abowt 12 master had returned, and Mr Dick Blewitt came stridin up the stairs with a sollum and important hair.

"Is your master at home?" says he.

"Yes, sir," says I; and in he walks. I in coars, with my ear to the keyhole, listning with all my mite.

"Well," says Blewitt, "we maid a pritty good night of it, Mr. Deuceace. You've settled, I see, with Dawkins."

"Settled!" says master. "O, yes—yes—I've settled with him."

"Four thousand seven hundred, I think?"

"About that—yes."

"That makes my share—let me see—two thousand three hundred and fifty; which I'll thank you to fork out."

"Upon my word—why—Mr. Blewitt," says my master, "I really don't understand what you mean."

"*You don't know what I mean!*" says Blewitt, in an axent such as I never before heard; "you don't know what I meen! Did you not promise me that we were to go shares? Didn't I lend you twenty sovereigns, the other night, to pay our losings to Dawkins? Didn't you swear, on your honor as a gentleman, to give me half of all that might be won in this affair?"

"Agreed, sir," says Deuceace; "agreed."

"Well, sir, and now what have you to say?"

"Why, *that I don't intend to keep my promise!* You infernal fool and ninny! do you suppose I was laboring for *you?* Do you fancy I was going to the expense of giving a dinner to that jackass yonder, that you should profit by it? Get away, sir! Leave the room, sir! Or, stop—here—I will give you four hundred pounds—your own note of hand, sir, for that sum, if you will consent to forget all that has passed between us, and that you have never known Mr. Algernon Deuceace."

I've sean pipple angery before now, but never had any like Blewitt. He stormed, groned, belloed, swoar! At last, he fairly began blubbering; now cussing and nashing his teeth, now praying dear Mr. Deuceace to grant him mercy.

At last, master flung open the door (Heaven bless us! it's well I din't tumble, hed over eels, into the room!), and said, "Charles, shew the gentleman down stairs!" My master looked at him quite steddy. Blewitt sunk down, as misrabble as any man I ever see. As for Dawkins, Heaven knows where he was!

* * * * * *

"Charles," says my master to me, about an hour afterwards, "I am going to Paris; you may come, too, if you please." C. YELLOWPLUSH.

ANECDOTES OF INCLEDON.

The following story relative to his going to sea is said to have been dictated by himself:—One fine summer's evening he was sitting on the rails which surrounded the Cathedral-yard, singing "Were I a Shepherd's Maid," from a farce called "The Padlock;" a gentleman inquired of one of the listener's who the singer was?—Little Incledon, of the Cathedral, was the answer—and the enquirer walked away; in the morning, Jackson sent for him, and on entering the room, he found a stranger with his master, whom he afterwards learned was the enquirer of the previous evening. "Young gentleman," said he, "Mr. Jackson has given you leave to go and see Commodore Walsingham, at Torbay; have you any objection to accompany me thither?" Charles was delighted, and readily assented: he accordingly went, and remained on board the Thunderer three days, charming the officers with his vocal abilities, and himself with a minute examination of the ship. The boy, quite happy, wished to remain on board; the Commodore wished that he might; application was made to his parents for his joining the ship; but they fortunately refused, for the Thunderer went down in a dreadful hurricane not long after. The three days he passed on board that vessel, however, fixed his inclination for a seafaring life; but it was not till four years after, that he had the opportunity of realising his wishes, when he and a fellow-chorister started for Plymouth with all their property "tied up in a blue-and-white pocket-hankerchief." They were overtaken at Ivy Bridge, brought back and punished, by being obliged to perform their duties in the church for a week without their surplices, by way of degradation. As soon, however, as Incledon obtained his liberty, in 1779, he joined the Formidable, of ninety-eight guns, commanded by Captain Robert Cleland, where he remained some time, and then obtained a berth on board the Raisonnable, sixty-four. In this ship he went to the West Indies as a common sailor. At St. Lucie his captain one day gave a large party on board: it was Saturday-night; wives and sweethearts went round amongst the crew as usual—and every man was compelled to sing. Charles's vocal talents were then and there unknown, but when it came to his turn he burst forth upon them with—"'Twas Thursday in the Morn." The crew involuntarily set up a hurrah at the close, which brought out one of the officers from the cabin, who, listening to the *encore*, was just as much astonished as the sailors had been: he called the Captain, who, unseen, heard the last verse; when it was over he ordered Incledon to put on his best jacket and come to the cabin, where he remained for some time singing Jackson's songs, to the delight and astonishment of the officers, who jocularly appointed him *Singer to the British fleet.*

In 1804 Incledon belonged to the Duke of Cumberland's sharp-shooters. This corps not only exercised their rifles, but also their knives and forks at some excellent regimental dinners at the Bedford, where they practised military manœuvres, and were considered very expert at quick firing. Incledon outgrew the service; he became so bulky that both he and Cooke were, in their skirmishes (in the school phrase), generally *lag last.* Upon one occasion, when the Duke reviewed them at Chalk Farm, the usual manœuvres being over, a sham-fight took place, and pursued through the field of Hampstead and Highgate. On ascending a pretty sharp hill Incledon was so much blown that he sat down on a rail to recover his wind. A lad passing struck up "Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring *railer:*" whether this was intended or accidental is no matter—it roused him and he made a start. It was not long after when, on being overtaken by a butcher-boy, "Here, you boy," said he, "carry this d—d gun, and I'll give a shilling." The bargain was struck, and he got on a little better; but soon after, finding his sword was getting between his legs, he gave a little girl another shilling to carry it for him. At the halt he made his appearance with his two *aides-du-camp*—his rifle and sword-bearers—and was received with *great applause by a numerous audience*, who hailed him with "See the conquering Hero comes."

On the 9th of May a man walked into his parlour at Brompton Crescent, and quickly retreated with all the silver spoons; he was quickly observed, quickly taken, quickly tried, (on the 15th), quickly found guilty, and *Quickly* was his name.

The first letter George Cooke wrote from the New World was to Incledon.

BOSTON, New England, North America, January 14, 1811.

"*Dear Sir,*—This is the first letter I have written to Europe, from which my departure was only the result of a few hours' deliberation. On the 4th of October last I sailed from Liverpool, and arrived at New York on the 16th of November. The latter part of the voyage was very tempestuous, and many vessels were lost. I was received by the manager in a very friendly and hospitable manner, and at whose house I remained while I continued in that city. On Wednesday, the 21st of November, I made my first appearance before an American audience, and was received by a splendid and crowded assemblage in a most flattering manner. I acted seventeen nights to some of the greatest houses ever known in the New World: my own night exceeded four hundred guineas. On the 29th of December I set out in one of the best passage-boats I ever saw for Newport, Rhode Island, which we reached, after a most pleasant trip, in twenty-two hours, and, after a short stay, left it in a commodious carriage for this town. We slept on Sunday at Taunton, and arrived here on Monday. my first appearance on Thursday following in the *new* play of "Richard," which was repeated the next night. This was also my first play in New York, where they had it three times, and so will the good people here. The house filled as at New York, and my reception equally flattering. New York is the handsomest and largest house. We return to the city on Saturday the 29th, and, about the 10th of March journey on to Philadelphia, from thence to Baltimore, where my engagement ends; but I shall return to New York to embark for Liverpool. We are lodged in Exchange Coffee House, one of the largest and most extraordinary buildings I ever saw. Mr. Bernard is one of the managers here, but I believe retires from it at the end of the season. Theatricals are conducted at both theatres in a very respectable manner, and the company superior to what I expected to meet; I may add much so. As you will have sufficient time, if, on the receipt of this you will favor me with a line, addressed to 296, Broadway, New York, North America, it will be thankfully received by, dear Sir, Yours truly, G. F. COOKE.

"You will learn at the General Post Office at what time the packet for New York is made up. Adieu! The compliments of the new year to all the family."

On the 31st of March, 1817, Incledon announced a farewell benefit at the King's Theatre, "by permission of the sub-committee of Drury Lane Theatre, and the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre. The performances will be supported by the combined talents of both theatres. A committee of performers, anxious to show their friendship, and support by every means the above purpose, will take the earliest opportunity of waiting, personally, on the nobility and gentry, holders of boxes, to solicit their patronage, and to make such regulations and arrangements as shall be considered necessary to the entertainment of a British audience, and to the interest of an old servant of the public, who makes this call upon their patronage for the last time." The performances were "Love in a Village," numerous songs, and "Three Weeks after Marriage." The house was one of the most crowded ever known. Great danger was apprehended from the numbers assembled before the doors opened; every precaution was taken, but the rush was dreadful. Many were hurt, and the screams of the females were appalling. Three were carried out in a senseless state, but were happily recovered. The receipts exceeded one thousand pounds.

In the middle of October he made his *début* in New York. His success exceeded Cooke's by twelve dollars, and his first six nights produced 7730 dollars, and netted him £519 sterling. Before he quitted New York a public dinner was given to him. A New York paper said, "'The Beggar's Opera' was the attraction of last night, but much to the credit of the audience, not even the popularity of Incledon, nor his excellent songs, were found sufficient to stifle the marks of disapprobation which were loudly heard from all parts of the theatre at the dropping of the curtain."

In the early part of 1818 it was currently reported in London that Incledon had died at New York; but in March a letter arrived which happily contradicted the report. From New York he went to the southern and western parts of America, with his own performance of "The Wandering Melodist," and then to the north, as far as Quebec, Albany, Montreal, and Halifax.

He returned to England, and arrived at Liverpool the beginning of September, 1818, having by his trip cleared, it was said nearly £5000. He came back earlier than he intended, on account of Mrs. Incledon's alarming illness: but was so pleased with America, that he meant to make another trip there.

"Soon after his return the following letter appeared:—

"*Sir,*—Unwilling as I always have been to intrude myself on the public, I cannot avoid noticing, with feelings of regret, the misrepresentations which I have observed in the newspapers, since my return from America, upon the state of music in that country; and I avail myself of the first moments of my return to the metropolis to correct this error. I am proud, at the same time, publicly to express my very high sense of the liberal and enlightened hospitality with which I have been treated everywhere in the United States. With regard to musical science in America, I must say that I was agreeably surprised at finding it, in every province, in such *high cultivation.* At St. Paul's church, New York, I sang in an oratorio, which was, throughout performed in a style that would have done credit to London. If any additional proof were wanting of their real fondness for music it is to be found in the facility I everywhere experienced, during my tour, where I was offered the use of halls for my performance, free of expense. I could enumerate more instances of generosity than your leisure would permit you to read, besides which it might be thought irrelevant to the subject; I must, therefore, sum up the expression of my feelings in this declaration, that I have never yet been more agreeably surprised, than by my rapid glance at America; and I shall always hold in affectionate remembrance the country which welcomed me as a stranger, and patronised me with as much ardour as she could have shown had I been her own son. &c. C. B. INCLEDON."

In April, 1819, he performed at the Surrey Theatre, his first appearance in London since his return from America.

In October 1824, Incledon again took leave of the stage at Southampton Theatre, where he made his *debut* just forty years before. The songs he selected on this occasion were—"Black Eyed Susan," "Death of Admiral Benbow," "Scots wha hae with Wallace bled," "All's well," with a Mr. Bolton, and "Then farewell my trim-built wherry." The Hampshire Telegragh observed—"To criticise the singing of a man upwards of sixty would be ridiculous, who has undergone the hardships he has—that was not looked for; suffice it to say, his singing showed what he once could do." After the last song he addressed the audience nearly as follows:—

"Ladies and gentlemen,—It is with the sincerest feelings of gratitude I am capable of that I stand before you this evening to return you my most heartfelt thanks for the distinguished patronage you have ever conferred on me. In this town and on these boards, I first appeared as a singer; and the encouragement I then received from you has proved, I may say, my passport to fame. Ladies and gentlemen, since that period I have passed through many vicissitudes; I have served his Majesty in many engagements—there is not a ship in the navy nor are there many towns in the country, that I have not sung in; but still your early liberality has never been effaced from my memory; it is now six years ago since I left the stage, but it has always been my wish to appear once more before you. Ladies and gentlemen, age, sickness, and infirmities have altered me much from what I once was, but I have always done my best to please my kind patrons; and I repeat it, ladies and gentlemen, while I live I shall never forget the support and encouragement I have received from the inhabitants of Southampton."

A tremendous burst of applause followed, and the veteran retired from the stage for ever.

Among Incledon's weak points was an extraordinary partiality for quack medicines. There was not a shop for vending these patent impositions with which he was not acquainted; he knew the names, qualities, and the advertised virtues of every cough-drop, lozenge, or universal specific for hoarseness or cold, that ever was invented. He always carried a box with an assortment in his pocket, and if he chanced to be without it, or those which did not happen to please him, he was sure to walk into the first chemist's he came to to get a draught to compose his stomach. This mania laid him open to many impositions, as well as to many a hoax. One morning Jack Johnstone, in a *hearable whisper*, was extolling the virtues of a lozenge that he had discovered, and added that Kemble had found great benefit from it. Incledon was a *burnt child*, Johnstone having played him several tricks before; but, Kemble's name having been introduced, he thought he might venture to inquire further of him. "Why, my dear Incledon," said Kemble, "I have found great benefit from those lozenges, but not till I tried the expedient of keeping them in my mouth all night." "My dear boy," said Incledon, "where can I get them?" "Why, they are rather expensive," said Kemble, "and only to be had at No. 164, in Bond Street." Off went his messenger: the tradesman, a jeweller, was in the plot, and gave the messenger an amulet, which he sent in a pill-box.

The next morning Incledon attended the rehearsal and was continually spitting. "Well, Charles," said Kemble, "has the lozenge done you any good?" "Yes, my dear boy," replied Incledon, "I think it has; I kept it in my mouth all night (spitting again), but it does not appear to be at all reduced." Johnstone requested to see this extraordinary lozenge. On its production there was a general laugh. "Why, this is a stone," said Kemble, "you must have gone to the wrong shop." Incledon discovered the trick, and joined in the laugh against himself.

He died worth nearly £8000 and left a widow, who still resides at Brighton, whither he retired the last few years of his life, and three children. Charles, the eldest, was a farmer near Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, who, like his father, had naturally a fine voice, but it had not been sufficiently cultivated: he quitted his agricultural pursuits and made his appearance at Drury Lane Theatre on the 3d of October, 1829, in Young Meadows in "Love in a Village:" he also played Steady in "The Quaker," and Tom Tug in "The Waterman," with considerable success; but retired from the stage at the end of the season. He now resides at Frankfort, for the purpose of completing his son's education in music. The second son, Frank, is a respectable tradesman in London; and the third, a daughter, is well married and lives at Sutherland.

Never did Nature pour out her gifts more profusely on any singer than on Charles Incledon; his voice combined every excellence of which the vocal organ is capable; powerful, brilliant, melodious, sweet, liquid and rich, it flowed like a torrent, while its correct intonation made its most subdued tones effective. He was by nature a songster, and gave everything he sang his own reading. Mr. Shield, whose letter on the same subject I have already given, spoke thus of him:—"I have written," said he, "as much for Charles Incledon as any man living, perhaps more, and, if I were to content myself with saying that he never disappointed my expections in the performance of any song that I composed for him, I should do him injustice: he did more; often has he imparted to my melodies a grace, a beauty, a charm, which I did not suppose them to have possessed. Of the popularity they enjoyed I am willing to ascribe a large share to his unrivalled excellence in their execution." His voice was a legitimate tenor of great compass, probably from A to G, about fourteen notes; his falsetto glided imperceptibly from his natural voice, and was extensive, while his bass was much better than could be expected from one so highly gifted in the other two; his ear was so perfect that he could not sing out of tune, and if by any accident he was imperfect in his music whatever he substituted was in strict harmony. In short, as a singer, "take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

SAM WELLERISMS.

New similies peculiar to Mr. Burton's performance of "Sam Weller," in the comedy of that name.

"You don't mean nothin' friendly, you don't, as the rat said to the cat ven she bit him in the back."

"I'm for risin' in the vorld, as the balloon said to the bag of sand; and I must take care I'm not burst in the process, as the bag of sand said to the balloon."

"I'll penetrate his heart if he has one, as the mouse said ven he nibbled his vay through the cheese."

"Ve are all here, and quite ready for you, as the fleas said to the old voman vot had just got back to her own bed, arter sleeping out for a week."

"It's pretty, but not pleasant, as the monkey said ven they painted his tail sky-blue."

"Ve don't often see the likes o' you in our part of the world, as the devil said ven one of his imps handed him an ice cream."

"Ven I vants you I knows vhere to find you, as the spider said to the fly ven he vove his veb all around him to perwent his catching cold."

"I've seen you vonce, and I don't vant to see you again, as the sick gentleman said to the devil ven he called on him one vet afternoon."

"Ve don't vant too many in this concern at vonce, as the boys said ven they got into the empty sugar tubs."

"That's enough to give any one a pain in his back, as the cockroach said ven the nigger put his foot on him." Philadelphia Courier.

LEGAL BOTHERATION.—The following beautiful specimen of legal perspicuity is found in "Badock's Chancery Practice"—When a person is bound *to do* a thing, and he *does* what may enable him *to do* the thing, he is supposed in equity *to do* it with the view of *doing* what he is bound *to do.*

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

Postscript of a letter to the Editor dated COLOMBIA, (S. C.) June 26, 1838.

P.S. I see you have lately published some articles on Fishing. Do re-publish from Vol. 1st A. T. R. and S. Magazine, p. 205, an article under the head "*Fishing Extraordinary.*" It is from the pen of a most finished scholar and polished writer of our State, who is a genuine sportsman, both in "flood and field."

BEAUFORT, (S. C.) October, 1829.

MR. EDITOR—SIR.—I am a hereditary sportsman, and inherit the tastes of my grandfather, as well as his lands. Whoever has seen the beautiful bay on which they are seated, (known on the map as Port Royal Sound,) with its transparent waters stocked with a variety of the finest sea fish; while the islands that gird it in abound in deer and other game, will confess that it is a position calculated to draw out whatever sporting propensities may have been implanted in us by nature.

Perceiving the relish with which some of your contributors talk of their capture of perch and trout of two pounds weight, and other fish of that calibre, I am tempted to give you an account of the sport enjoyed by my grandfather; and which bears the same relation to your lauded trout fishing, as a Bengal tiger hunt to a match at snipes. There is a fish which annually visits the bay I have described from May till August, but in smaller numbers than formerly. It is described by Linnæus as of the genus *Ray*, species *Diodon.* It is called by Dr. Mitchill, (not without reason, from the bat-like structure of its flaps or wings,) "the vampire of the ocean." It is known with us as the "devil fish." Its structure indicates great muscular power; it has long angular wings, a capacious mouth, but the greatest singularity of its formation consists in its arms, (or horns as they are called,) which extend on each side of the mouth, and serve as feeders. Its size, with us, is from ten to twenty-five feet, measured across the back transversely. Its longitudinal measurement is less. Valiant describes this fish as reaching the size of fifty feet, on the coast of Africa; but Valiant was a *traveller!* I am a *sportsman* merely, Mr. Editor, and claim no charter to exceed the truth. I must own, then, that the largest I have seen and measured, was but eighteen feet across the back, from three to four feet thick, as it lay on the ground, had horns or feeders three feet in length, curiously articulated at the ends, so as to resemble the fingers of the human hand when clenched, and enjoyed an amplitude of mouth, sufficient to admit of its receiving two aldermen abreast, had it relished such a quintessence of turtle.

It is the habit of this fish to ply these arms rapidly before its mouth while it swims, and to clasp with the utmost closeness and obstinacy whatever body it has once enclosed. In this way the boats of fishermen have often been dragged from their moorings and overset by the devil-fish having laid hold of the grapnel. It was in obeying this peculiarity of their nature, that a shoal of these fish, as they swept by in front of my grandfather's residence, would sometimes, at flood-tide, approach so near to the shore as to come in contact with the water fence; the firm posts of which they would clasp and struggle to uptear, till they lashed the water into a foam with their powerful wings. This bold invasion of his land-marks my father determined to resent. He launched his eight-oared barge, prepared his tackle, notified his neighbors of his plan, and waited patiently for the next appearance of his enemies. It was not many days before they re-appeared to renew their sports. He then manned his boat, and soon glided, with muffled oars, into the midst of the shoal. "May," said my grandfather to his favorite African slave, who acted as his harpooner, "look out for the leader, and strike a sure blow."

"Let me lone for dat, massa," said May, as, staff in hand, he planted his foot firmly on the bow of the barge. He stood there but a second, when grasping his staff in both hands, he sprang into the air, and descended directly on the back of the largest devil-fish, giving the whole weight of his body to the force of the stroke! The weapon sunk deep into the body of the fish, and before he had tightened the rope, May had already swam to the boat, laid his hand on the gunwale, and been dragged on board by his fellow blackies, who were delighted at his exploit. The fish now darted off furiously with the barge in tow—the bugle sounded the concerted signal. The planters manned their boats to intercept the barge; and each boat as it arrived was lashed alongside of the barge, so that shortly a small fleet of boats was drawn swiftly along with the tide. They approached so near my grandfather's door that he ordered a bowl of arrack punch to be prepared and sent on board. It soon arrived to refresh and exhilarate the sportsmen of the little squadron. To conclude my story, the fish was wearied out, drawn to the top of the water, speared to death, and when landed on the beach, measured twenty feet across the back.

I suspect, Mr. Editor, if the truth were told, we have few sportsmen who would venture on the daring feat of the African "May." Had he belonged to the Saxon or Norman race, he had probably been knighted, and quartered on his shield the horns of the devil-fish in token of his exploit! As it is, his praise had almost been unsung, "*sacro quia caret vate.*"

Our modern sportsmen, far from attacking, are content to be let alone by these devil-fish. But two instances to the contrary have occurred within my own recollection. The first eventuated in a sound ducking to the parties concerned: the last was more curious. A respectable planter named Jones, who was remarkable for mechanical ingenuity, was in the habit of amusing himself during the long days of the summer solstice in constructing curious self-invented pieces of mechanism. Like a thousand others, he attempted the discovery of *perpetual motion*; at one time the mystery was detected in the shifting buckets of the self-tending Chinese wheel; at another, he had solved it by quicksilver, included in revolving wheels, applied so as to force down one side with such vigorous impulse as to drive up its opposite, after the manner in which our Yankee stage drivers ascend their short hills. Still this sagacious problem escaped his grasp, and the unpropitiated monster, friction, like the malicious genii in the Arabian tale, was ever thrusting in his gorgon head and converting motion into immobility. It happened that Jones, while engaged in these inquiries, had gone to Beaufort in a small boat, manned with but two oars, and met on his return to his plantation, (which lay near the sea,) two *devil-fish*, disporting themselves on the water, as innocently as if they had been *angel-fish*; now showing the dark hues of their broad backs, now thrusting up a horn, now vibrating a wing, and now impelling their enormous mass high in air, by the lever of their powerful wings. Jones a was sportsman to the backbone: he cast a glance at the smallness of his boat, but it was a glance only; his eye rested on his bright harpoon, which lay invitingly at his side. He sprang forward, secured his line to the head of the boat, and darted his harpoon at the nearest of the sportive monsters. A violent fall at full length into the bottom of the boat, as it shot forward almost from beneath his feet, was the first indication he received that his aim had been good, and casting upwards his eyes, he beheld his little boat buried, as it were, in the waters, while the divided waves curled over it, but fell not, (such was the rapidity of its motion,) till they were fairly left astern. His oarsmen, like prudent fellows, had taken, through choice, the position which their master had adopted through necessity, and quietly prostrated themselves in the bottom of the boat, where they rightly supposed their situation was safest.

There is much that is pleasant in the excitation of violent motion! So thought Dr. Johnson. It is probable Jones would have added the proviso, "so long as the motion is under our regulation." It was not until some minutes had elapsed that he had the presence of mind, or the power to crawl from his recumbent posture, to occupy his appropriate seat at the stern, where, however, he soon settled himself, and enjoyed the whole luxury of his situation. The wind fanned his face, his hair streamed off at right angles from his head, and the water foamed furiously about the steam, as the boat, impelled by this more than Triton, darted through the waters with the speed of an arrow. And now he approached his home, and he rejoiced to see that several of his friends were assembled on the bluff to welcome his return; but what was their amazement, to behold and recognise Jones, seated upright in the stern of his boat, which seemed to fly through the waters without the aid of oar, oarsmen, sail, or steam, or any apparent or invisible impulsion. Amazement was their first emotion—joy was their second—and they shouted forth in triumph as the thought suddenly flashed upon them,—Jones has discovered *perpetual motion!* He shouted to them for assistance. "Man me a boat, my friends, hasten to my rescue!" His voice, tremulous from excitement, or drowned by distance, never reached their ears. He waved his hat, and shouted again; hats waved in return, and a triumphant shout responded from his friends, but no boat put off, no rescue came! *Que faut il faire?* He had even to do, as many a shrewd politician has done before him, lie still, and watch some favorable turn of affairs. "These violent motions, thought he, must have an end, and even devil-fish must tire. Friction, at least, that has so often foiled me, now stands my friend." The fish *did* pause at last, but not till the boat had been hurried quite out of the harbor, and was floating on the waters of the wide Atlantic. It was then that our sportsman left his position at the stern, where his weight had been necessary to preserve the equipoise, and cut off with his penknife the line which bound him to his formidable companion. The oars had been lost overboard in the *melee*; but fortunately the sail remained to waft him to his home. But it was late at night when he arrived, exhausted by excitement and fatigue; and explained to his anxious friends the mystery of his unintelligible, but fortunately for him, *not* perpetual motion. PISCATOR.

A late Attorney General receiving a client, who was intimate with him, in his library, the gentleman expressed surprise at the number of wigs that were hanging up, "Yes, there are several," replied the barrister. That (pointing to a scratch) is my common business wig; that my Chancery wig; that my House of Lords wig; and that my Court wig." "And pray, Sir, where is your *honest man's wig?*" "Oh," replied the lawyer, "that's *not professional.*"

LOVE AND LAW.—A young lawyer, who had long paid his court to a lady without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of "being insensible of *the power of love.*" "It does not follow," replied the lady, archly, "that I am so because I am not to be won *by the power of attorney.*" "Forgive me," replied the suitor, promptly, "but you should remember that all the votaries of Cupid are *solicitors.*"

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 14, 1838.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

Death of Imported Apparition.—We learn from T. R. S. **Boyce**, Esq. of Ellicott's Mills, Md that Apparition died suddenly at his stock farm about the middle of May last. He was the sire of Margaret Armistead, Testimony, and other winners, and was imported into this city by **John Connah**, Esq. Apparition was bred by Lord Grosvenor, and foaled in 1827; he was got by Spectre out of Young Cranberry by Thunderbolt—Cranberry by Sir Peter Teazle, etc.

John Bascombe has had his limit this season—75; many of the mares sent to him this season, however, are only half or three parts bred, Georgia having but recently commenced breeding for the turf. His colts dropped this Spring out of thorough breds are remarkably promising. It is thought Bascombe will go to Kentucky next season to supply the place of his sire, old *Bertrand*. Col **Crowell**'s *Bolivia* has dropped a splendid colt to Bascombe; *Lady Nashville's* colt by him is dead—a positive loss of $5000. Grey Goose, (Bascombe's dam,) and B.'s own sister, also Col. C.'s were sent this season to Bertrand, but he dying, they were put to *Woodpecker*.

James McCargo, Esq. and Capt. **Sims** of Va. have recently purchased *Fanny Hill*, the dam of *Charles Carter*, and her 3 yr. old colt by Imp. *Fylde*, at a very high figure. Fanny H. is a rich light chesnut, 11 yrs. old last Spring, about 15-2½, of great length and substance, and strong at all points. She has been with Imp. *Zinganee* this season, and is with foal. Her Fylde colt is a bay, measuring 15-3, and put up very much like his illustrious sire; he will prove a clipper. Fanny Hill was got by Clay's Sir William, her dam by Ragland's Diomed—g. d. by Imp Dion—Imp. Highflyer—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Monkey, etc. Capt. Sims has been breeding from this strain of blood for nearly forty years.

Imported *Trustee* has closed another fine season on Long Island. His colts are superb, and show to advantage by the side of any thing at the North. He ought to be exchanged next season for some other fine horse—*Rowton*, for instance. Rowton could command 80 of the finest mares in America at $75 on Long Island, and as the "Virginia Company" have never had one of their importations north of the Potomac, Rowton "as an opening wedge" would be "just the ticket."

Thos. J. Wells, Esq. of Alexandria, La. (on Red River) has recently purchased six fillies by Imported *Glencoe* and *Leviathan*, of **James Jackson**, Esq. Florence, Ala. at a most liberal price. Mr. Wells is the owner of Linnet, Extio, Dick Chinn, and other good ones, and won during the last Spring campaign over $30,000 in stakes, purses, etc.

T. W. **Goodwin**, of Arkansas, has bought from **John Kimball**, of Illinois, his ch. f. *Proof-sheet*, by Eclipse, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs. old—price $3,000.

Davies Thompson, of Arkansas, has bought from Col. **John Heth**, of Va the following blood stock—*John Belcher*, a b. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Ariadne by Gohanna, 4 yrs. old—*Experiment*, a ch. h. by Jack Downing, dam by Rattler, 6 yrs. old—*Margaret Armistead*, by Imp. Apparition, dam by Sir Archy, 6 yrs. old—price $12,000.

A New Orleans correspondent desires to know the *distance* fixed upon in a Sweepstakes to come off over the St. Francisville (La.) Course, Spring of 1841, to which there are already six subscribers at $1000. Will some one enlighten him in this matter, as he will probably make a nomination.

Another Importation to Carolina.—We are glad to hear that the celebrated *Delphine*, accompanied by a superb lot of fillies, will come out to Col. **Hampton** next autumn. Delphine is the dam of *Monarch*, and was sold at the breaking up of the late Royal Stud at Hampton Court for 360 guineas. She was bred by the Hon. Mr. **Petre** and foaled in 1825. She was got by Whisker out of My Lady by Comus, out of The Colonel's dam by Delpini—Tipple Cider by King Fergus, etc. Delphine was stinted this season to *Plenipo!*

Mountain Sylph—one of the fastest trotting nags in the country—is advertised for sale in to-day's paper. She is not only fast, but perfectly kind and gentle, and very handsome.

Thos. H. Newbold, of this city, has sold his imported colt *Foreigner*, by the Colonel out of Sister to Sailor, 2 yrs., to T. R. S. **Boyce**, Esq. of Ellicott's Mills, Md. The advertisement of Foreigner had appeared but twice in the Spirit of the Times, before a sale was effected. "No mistake in gin and sugar!"

TABLE OF WINNING TROTTING HORSES.

We present our readers to-day with a Table of Winning Trotting Horses, for the years 1836 and 1837, both inclusive. Pacing and Racking Horses that have been winners are also included, and the fact designated in the column of "**Remarks**." As a more convenient reference, we have inserted in the Table the few Matches against Time, in which the latter has won. The List has been compiled and revised with the utmost care, and its authenticity may be relied on. Nothing of the kind has ever been got up in this country, with the exception of the original Table of Winning Trotters, published in the Spirit of the Times two years since.

This Table completes our annual series. We commenced with the American Winning Horses at *Four* Mile Heats, for 1837, which was published on the 17th February. On the 3d of March, followed the Winners at *Three* Mile Heats—On the 17th of that month a List of *Stallions*, containing 131 of the most distinguished—on the 24th succeeded the Winners at *Two* Mile Heats—on the 7th April we gave a complete Alphabetical List of *English* Winning Horses for 1837, at all distances—on the 12th of May succeeded the American Winners at *Mile* Heats, and the Table of *Trotting Horses* to-day closes the series. By this course of publication, new subscribers to the Spirit of the Times, commencing with the present volume, have an authentic record of every race run throughout the previous year—a mass of useful and interesting information to be found in no other periodical whatever.

KENTUCKY AND OHIO WIDE AWAKE.

Letters from Maysville, Ky., inform us that arrangements are making for establishing a Course and Club in that city, which shall rival any in the West. The track and fixtures are to be placed under the management of Col. Y N. **Oliver**, of the Eclipse and Oakland Courses. We hear also that overtures have been made to Oliver to assume the management of the Newport (Ky.) Course, immediately opposite Cincinnati. At this rate, Oliver will soon have the control of half the prominent courses in the West; he is a capital manager, however, and the interests of the turf could not be placed in better hands. He gives liberal purses, spares no expense to afford general satisfaction, and always contrives by good management to attract a large concourse of spectators. And what is not less important to the well-being of the turf, Oliver has invariably succeeded in filling his pavillions with **Ladies**, a circumstance which adds more to the respectability and popularity of racing than most people are aware of. Racing will never be placed upon the same footing in this country that it enjoys in England, where it has the support of government, and of the highest classes of the nobility, until it is rendered the universally popular *National Sport*, and it will never become fashionable or enlist the good wishes of the community generally, unless the Ladies (God bless 'em!) give it their countenance.

The citizens of Cincinnati, determined not to be outdone by their neighbors have also entered with spirit into the organization of a Jockey Club. For some time past a highly respectable "Association for the improvement of the Breed of Road Horses" has been in successful operation in that city, holding their meetings on the "New Brighton Course." Ohio is making rapid strides towards rivalling Kentucky in the improved breed of Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs, which has proved to the latter State one of her most important and valuable sources of revenue. Until recently, however, her agriculturalists and breeders have devoted less attention to improving the breed of horses than their other stock. Last year several fine horses were introduced into the State, and a disposition has been manifested to bestow upon them a liberal patronage. It will be seen by the annexed extract from an article published in the Cincinnati "Whig," that the new Jockey Club in that city is likely to have a salutary and gratifying effect in introducing into the State an improved stock of horses; one of its projectors (Mr. **Sanders**) is known to us as a practical and highly successful breeder and scientific farmer—the Judge **Buel** of Kentucky—whose essays upon stock rearing and agricultural pursuits generally, have not only done him great credit, but proved of immense service to his fellow citizens. The "Whig" remarks of the Club, that

It was gotten up under the auspices of Mr. **Lewis Sanders** of Kentucky, and Mr. **George M. Long**, of Virginia, two gentlemen enthusiastic in the good cause of improving the breed of horses and cattle. Mr. Sanders is one of the largest raisers of fine stock in the United States, and Mr. Long has on hand a large stable of uncommonly fine racers.

These gentlemen have purchased ground for a race-course, situated about half a mile beyond the Brighton House, immediately adjoining the Miami canal. The ground is perfectly level, and will make one of the best courses in the United States; the soil is admirably adapted for the purpose, and the distance from the city just such as is most desirable. They have already commenced laying out the course, and hauling timber for the buildings, fences, &c. They are determined to spare neither pains nor expense to render the course, in all respects, equal to any in the Union. Among the buildings erected, will be a splendid Pavillion for the ladies. It will be finished in elegant style, and will be furnished with carpets, sofas, looking-glasses, chairs, retiring rooms, &c. &c. No lady will be admitted who is not introduced by a member of the club—nor will any person be allowed to become a member of the club, who is not known to be a man of respectability and character. No professional gambler will, on any account, be permitted to join the club, nor will any kind of gambling be suffered upon the race grounds. It is the determination of the proprietors of the course, to render it fashionable and respectable; and therefore the most perfect order, and propriety of conduct, will be rigidly exacted and enforced.

They mean to offer as large purses as are offered at any race ground in the U. States, and to hold out all other inducements best calculated to ensure the finest racing, and highest improvement in horses. It is their purpose to offer a purse of $1200 for the Four mile day—and on the Two mile day to give a splendid service of plate valued at $500.

The enterprize is one that ought to enlist the good feeling and co-operation of our citizens. It will bring from abroad semi-annually into our city, *at least seventy or eighty thousand dollars*, and it will tend greatly to improve the breed of horses in this region. The sport, we believe to be innocent and ennobling, especially when conducted on the elevated principles contemplated by this association. All the other cities in the Union of any importance, have their race courses, and take pride and pleasure in fostering and encouraging them. Why, then, should not Cincinnati follow their example, and avail herself of the many advantages to be derived from this source?

PEDIGREE OF MAMBRINO.

Long Island, July 4, 1838.

Mr. **Porter**—*Sir*,—In looking over your last number of the *Spirit of the Times*, I perceive the pedigree of *Mambrino* is inquired for, and your remark that if the one is meant which has been standing on Long Island, your impression is, he was a descendant of a cold-blooded, or half-bred dam. Having it in my power, I avail myself of the earliest opportunity to correct such an impression, and furnish, for record in your invaluable journal, the pedigree of a horse that, in connection with his matchless sire, *Old Messenger*, has done more than all the eloquence that could be brought to bear upon the subject, to silence the cavilings of those who insist that horse racing is not only immoral, but entirely useless, inasmuch as the pure-bred race horse is neither calculated himself to produce stock, useful in agriculture, nor for the coach, and the road, whereas it is here universally admitted, that the descendants of the above named horses excelled all others in the desirable requisites of size, symmetry, and speed, as roadsters.

Mambrino was bred by Col. **Lewis Morris**, of Morrissiania, and foaled May, 1806. He was got by Old Imp. Messenger, his dam by Imp. Sourcrout, grandam by Imp. Whirligig, g. g. dam the famous running mare Slamerkin, by Imp. Wildair, and from the old Imp. Cub mare.

With sentiments of great respect, I am your obedient servant,

A Long Islander.

EDGAR'S GENERAL STUD BOOK.

We have before us a letter from Mr. **Edgar**, the well known compiler of the General Stud Book, dated Lynesville, N. C., July 4th, from which we make the following extract:—

You will oblige me greatly by acquainting the public, that the manuscripts, and all the matter belonging, or any wise appertaining to the second volume of "*The American Race-Turf Register, Sportsman's Herald, and General Stud Book*," have been ordered and received by me from Europe, and that the preparation of said book will be begun as soon as the subscription list is filled up, and not before. And likewise, that the compiler is determined, under no circumstances whatever, to supply any person or persons with scarce pedigrees, more especially those so repeatedly enquired for through the Turf Register. If the public wish to avail themselves of the matter, at present in the possession of no other living person in the world, except himself—if they do not obtain their wishes, by the publication of a complete American General Stud Book, and extend their patronage to both volumes, without delay, he will forever put it entirely out of their power to procure one by any other means. On the other hand, by his receiving a full remuneration for the time, labor, and expense, he has been already at, the second volume will be prepared for the press, and published as speedily as possible.

Patrick Nisbett Edgar & Co.

CANADIAN WINNERS IN 1837, MILE HEATS.

Sherbrooke, L C., June 29, 1838.

My Dear Sir,—I notice that in your paper of the 12th May, you give the names of several winning horses at Mile heats, for 1837, whose pedigrees are unknown to you—among others, *Negotiator*. I have called upon the owner, who furnished me with the following, which is at your service:—

Young Negotiator was got by Old Negotiator, his dam by Sir Andrew. Negotiator was bred by Sir **Tatton Sykes**, got by Prime Minister, out of Sister to Orphan by Camillus—grandam by Gabriel, out of Legacy by King Fergus;—foaled in 1819. Prime Minister was bred by Sir T. Sykes, got by Sancho, out of Miss Hornpipe by Trumpator—Herod—Sister to Eclipse. Sir Andrew was bred by Mr. **Pattison**, and foaled in 1819. He was got by Cervantes, out of a Beningbrough mare, grandam Lady's Maid by Sir Peter. Cervantes was bred by Earl **Fitzwilliam**, and was got by Don Quixotte, out of Evelina (Orville's dam) by Highflyer.

Negotiator is now owned by Mr. N. G. **Jocelyn**, of this place, who took him to the last Three Rivers races, where he beat *Shamrock*, entered by Lieut. **Weir**, (so barbarously murdered by the rebels, during last winter), but was beaten by Old *Waverley*, and by *Childers*, at Quebec. The horse is a deep black, of fine figure and action, and quiet.

The other horses mentioned in your list—*Burlesque*, *Dick*, *Grosvenor*, *Lilly*, and *Telescope*, are all owned in this vicinity, and I shall do my best to obtain their history for you.

Yours very sincerely, Maypole.

NEWPORT (Ky.) SPRING RACES.

The annexed report is not quite so complete as we should have liked, but as some one remarked when told by a sympathizing friend that he had a very bad cold, "it is the best I've got!"

WEDNESDAY, June 13, 1838—Purse $50, free for all ages; 3 year olds 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 121lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

G H Sinclair's b. f. *Sally Burns* by Robert Burns, dam by Alexander, 4 yrs.......	1	1
Maj E. S Reville's b. m. *Meander*, by Seagull, dam omitted, 6 yrs........	2	2

Time, 2:00½—1:57.

THURSDAY, June 14—Purse $100; free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

G. H Sinclair's b. f. by Lance, dam by Whip, 3 yrs........	2	1	1
Maj. E. S. Reville's b. c. *Lorenzo*, by Bertrand, dam omitted, 4 yrs........	1	2	2
G Coffen, jun.'s ch. f. *Demoida*, by Collier, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 yrs........	3	3	dr
Walker Thurston's ch. f. *Maria Duke*, by Kosciusko, out of Ol. Court, 4 yrs....	dist.		

Time not given.

FRIDAY, June 15—Purse 150; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Walker Thurston's b. c. *Conflict*, by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin............ walked over.

SATURDAY, June 16—Purse $100; free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5

G H Sinclair's (Munson Beach's) gr. f. *Susan*, by Kirkland out of Lady Lloyd (bred by Nelson Lloyd, Esq. of Long Island, Post Boy's breeder,) 3 yrs........	1	1	1
G Coffen's bl. c. *Orient* by Trumpator, dam by Florizel 4 yrs........	2	2	2
W. Thurston's ch. f. *Maria Duke*, pedigree above, 4 yrs........	3	3	3

Time 1:57—1:58—1:58

Susan is not 3 yrs. old until the 20th July, and had but some six weeks' training, until which time she was not even bridle-wise. The Newport track, (directly opposite Cincinnati) is not calculated for quick time, being a sandy, heavy soil, and 4 or 5 seconds slower than most others at the West.

ST. LOUIS (Mo.) SPRING RACES,

Sulphur Spring Course.

Our special correspondent furnishes us with the annexed report of the St. Louis races over the Sulphur Spring Course, which commenced the 19th ult., and continued throughout the week. The following gentlemen were selected as Officers for the present year:—President, **Thornton Grimsley**, Esq.; Secretary *pro tem.*, Gen. **Elliott Lee**; Judges, R J. **Carle**, J. F. A. **Sandford**, **John Calvert**, and J C. **Cabonne**, Esqrs.; Distance Judge, J. S. **Parker**; Patrole Judges, J. A. **Dougherty** and W. **Myers**, Esqrs.; Timers, J. **Randolph** and **Thos. Ewbank Leefe**, Esqrs.

TUESDAY, June 19, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

John Frost's ch. f. *Rancopus* by Flagellator, dam by Harwood..........	1	1
Philo C. Bush's b. f. *Josephine*, by Columbus, dam by Winter's Arabian..........	2	dist.
T J. Payne's ch. f. *Ellen Fletcher*, by Tom Fletcher dam by Eclipse..........	pd.ft.	

Time, 2:06—2:01.

SAME DAY—*Second Race—St Louis Plate*, value $200, ent. $20; free for all ages; 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124 lbs; with the usual allowance (3lbs) to mares and geldings. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

S. W. Goodwin's (Davies Thompson's) b. c. *John Belcher*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Ariadne by Gohanna, 4 yrs..........	3	1	1	1
John Safford's (T. T. Tunstall's) b. m. *Charline*, by Pacific, dam by Florizel, 5 yrs..........	1	2	3	2
T B. Scrugg's b. h. *Little Barton*, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs...	5	3	2	3
D. F. Cooper's ch. c. *Kangaroo*, by Uncas, dam by Orphan, 4 yrs....	4	4	4	dr
K Dye's (E. A. Darcy's) b. f. *Risible*, by Barrister, dam by Cockfighter, 4 yrs	2	dist.		
Ab. Musick's ch. g. *Botherem*, by Diomed, dam by Algebra, 6 yrs..........	dist.			

Time, 1:54½—1:54—1:59—1:55.

WEDNESDAY, June 20—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent. $20; free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

S. W. Goodwyn's (Davies Thompson's) ch. h. *Experiment*, by Jack Downing, dam by Rattler, 6 yrs..........	0	1	1
John Frost's br. f. *Rights of Women*, by Dasball, dam by Sir Solomon 4 yrs....	3	2	2
Greer & Head's ch. f. *Willina Herndon*, by Woodpecker dam by Whipster, 3 y.	0	dist.	
H. S. Mitchell's b. m. *Polly Rutledge*, by Oscar, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs..........	dist.		

Time, 3:55—3:58—4:08.

This race was extremely interesting. Willina was the favorite at long odds against the field. The day was everything that could be wished, and the attendance numerous. Rights of Women had the track. With an even start they got well away, Willina gradually taking the lead; Experiment soon came into play, and challenging Willina, the two fillies made a beautiful and gallant brush together, coming home perfectly locked, making a dead heat of it. Polly distanced.

2d heat.—For this heat they came up in good order, each having cooled off well. Willina took the lead, but Experiment soon took her in hand, when a beautiful contest ensued, neck and neck; presently Experiment fell back, but instantly returned to the charge; when in the run home he was pressed against the fence by Willina, who came in ahead by several lengths. A charge of foul riding having been preferred against the filly, and sustained, she was declared distanced, and the heat given to Experiment.

3d heat.—Experiment was the favorite at 100 to 5, which was pretty freely taken. Rights of Women, from having made no running in either of the previous heats, was expected by many to change the fortune of the day. She took the lead, Experiment laying back for a brush. At the last turn in the stretch coming home, Experiment came into action—passed his competitor easily, and won the heat and race in gallant style.

THURSDAY, June 21—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $50; free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

T B. Scrugg's ch. f. *Hebe*, by Collier, dam by Bertrand 4 yrs..........	3	2	1	1
S. W. Goodwyn's (Davies Thompson's) br. m. *Margaret Armistead*, by Imp. Apparition, dam by Sir Archy, 6 yrs..........	2	1	2	2
John Frost's ch. h. *Franklin*, by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse 6 yrs..........	1	dist.		

Time, 8:14—8:08—11:13 No time kept of last heat.

The course this day presented a variegated scene, being crowded with carriages, containing many of the fair daughters of Missouri. The weather was fine, though exceedingly warm, which operated much against quick time being made. Indeed, it is cruel to run a horse a four mile race so far advanced as it is now in summer.

1st heat.—Franklin was the favorite against the field. Margaret took the lead, with Hebe in company, Franklin laying back. They kept this position to the third mile, when Franklin made play, and succeeded in passing both his competitors, and won the heat by half a length. It was a severe contest, both Hebe and Margaret being well up.

2d heat.—Franklin was now more than ever the favorite, and was backed freely at long odds. Margaret again took the lead, Franklin playing the same game as in the former heat. Hebe, who had not contended for the first heat, made the running in this, and led away gallantly. In the third round Franklin came into action, quickly passed Margaret, and laid himself alongside of Hebe; thus they came together until the last quarter when Franklin passed. Margaret now came up, locked Hebe, but quickly fell back. They maintained this position until near the termination of the heat, when Margaret made a desperate brush at Hebe; and though whip and spur was in use, Margaret ultimately gained the mastery, coming in second by half a length. Mr. **Scruggs** preferred a charge of foul riding against Franklin, (which occurred at the turn of the 3d mile); this being substantiated by the Patrole Judge, Franklin was declared distanced, and the heat given to Margaret.

3d heat.—Both of them appeared to have had enough, and they merely galloped, Hebe coming in first by a few lengths.

4th heat.—Mr. **Goodwyn** would now have drawn Margaret, but it was alleged by several that he had agreed to divide the purse. To do away with this supposition, he let Margaret go again, though she was perfectly dead. This was merely a repetition of the former heat; in fact, it was so slow, that no time was kept.

FRIDAY, June 22—Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $30; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Daniel Stockton's ch. g. *Crowder*, by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany, 6 yrs..........	1	0	1
John Kimball's ch. f. *Proof Sheet*, by Eclipse, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs..........	2	0	2
K. Dye's (E. A. Darcy's) ch. c. *Rights of Man*, by Leopold, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	dist.		

Time, 6:20—6:11—6:48.

Rights of Man had the track. With a good start they got off. Proof-sheet leading. Crowder soon came up, passed Proof-sheet, and kept the lead for nearly two miles, when the filly challenged him. Neck and neck they went along together. Two to one was now offered on the filly, but her saddle slipped, which caused her to give way, and the tune was instantly changed. She came to the charge again, however, locked Crowder, and they came to the pole nearly neck and neck, the gelding only winning by half a foot.

2d heat.—Crowder was now the decided favorite. He took the lead from the start, Proof-sheet running a length behind him under a strong pull. At the commencement of the last mile she made a brush at Crowder, and away they went at a tremendous pace. Now the filly has him—they turn the last corner, and enter the stretch home neck and neck, and were locked so closely when they came to the stand, that the Judges declared it a dead heat, which made the friends of Crowder rather obstreperous.

3d heat.—Crowder took the lead, and had it entirely his own way. The heat had nearly knocked the filly up—only imagine the thermometer raised to 96° in the shade, and not the least breeze. It is almost hot enough to kill both man and beast.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—For a Splendid Saddle, Bridle, Whip, &c.; free for all ages; weights as before. One mile.

P C. Bush's ch. h. *David H. Branch* by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs..........	1
D F Cooper's ch. c. *Kangaroo*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..........	2
J. W. Horang's gr. m. *Puss*, by Grey Highlander, dam by Whip, 5 yrs..........	3
A. Musick's b. g. *Jack Andrew*, by Stockholder dam by Diomed, 4 yrs..........	4

Time, 1:53.

SATURDAY, June 23—Jockey Club Purse $100, ent. $10; free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats.

Greer & Head's ch. f. *Willina Herndon*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..........	1	1
P C. Bush's ch. h. *David H Branch*, " " 5 yrs..........	2	2
T. B. Scrugg's b. m. *Mary Wood*, by Waxy, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs..........	3	3

Time, 1:52—2:00.

The attendance upon the field this day was bad, numbers being prevented from attending, in consequence of the weather being so extremely warm. Willina was the favorite at 3 to 1, and won both heats without a struggle.

Extract from a letter to the Editor, dated Maysville, (Ky.) July 3.

I have derived so much pleasure from the "Spirit" in the short time in which I have been a subscriber, that I promise myself much in future. I expect in a week or so to send you on some four or five new subscribers, for a taste for your paper and the turf exist together.

Our *Woodcock* season has just commenced; the birds are plenty. In a couple of hours' shooting the other evening, a friend and myself bagged 10½ brace.

Yours respectfully, J. M. D.

Spirit of the Times.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF AMERICAN WINNING TROTTING HORSES FOR 1836-7.

COMPILED EPPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

NAMES.	COLOR	OWN'D OR ENTER'D BY	PURSE.	HAR. OR SAD	DIS.	TIME	BEATING THE UNDERMENTIONED HORSES.	REMARKS	COURSE.	DATE.	VOL.
Aaron Burr	b. g.	Samuel Coope	300 s	harness	2	5:44—5:50	Forest Maid, Lady of the Lake, Mountain Sylpl	Run in a rain storm. M. Sylph upset her sulky in 2d h., but saved her dis.	Centreville, L. I.	April 18, 1837	76
Andrew Jackson	bl. h.	John Weaver	200 P	saddle	2	5:27—5:28	Columbus, Locomotive	The winner is the only thoroughbred trotting stallion in the Union	Trenton, N. J.	Nov 10, 1836	317
Andrew Jackson	bl. h.	Francis Duffy	200 P	saddle	2		Walked over	The wt carried over this course is 147 lbs., in harness or under saddle	Hunting Park, Pa.	Nov 16, 1836	332
Apollo	s. g.	George Spicer	100 P	harness	2	6:09—5:48	Dandy, Andrew	The track was heavy, but the time good for "green," or untried horses	Centreville, L. I.	Oct. 18, 1837	284
Apology	b. g.	Francis Duffy	150 P	saddle	1	2:55—2:54—2:57	Columbus, Blue Bird, Dusty Foot, Venilla	The distance was mile heats, best 3 in 5. Venilla dis. 1st h., D. Foot 3d.	Hunting Park, Pa.	Nov 16, 1836	332
Awful	b. g.	Isaac L. Anderson	100 P	harness	2	6:16	John Sager	Track very heavy; John Sager was drawn after 1st heat	Centreville, L. I.	Nov 17, 1837	108
Awful	b. g.	Samuel M. Neill	2000 M	harness	3	8:23—8:16½	Screwdriver	No contest. Awful was got by Laird's Am. Boy, out of an Exped'n m.	Centreville, L. I.	Oct. 3, 1837	268
Awful	b. g.	Isaac L. Anderson	500 M	harness	3		Peggy Madee	Peggy had notions in her head that abated the fleetness of her heels	Centreville, L. I.	May 29, 1837	133
Bay Bottom	b. g.	Mr. Hurlburt	75 P	saddle	1	3:15-3:17-3:10-3:20	3:31. Rob Roy	A "jockey race"—the Stewards in consequence refused to pay the stakes	Niagara Falls, U. C.	July 28, 1837	205
Butcher Bill		Charles Myers	250 M	harness	2	5:55—5.52—5:58	Boston	The 1st was a dead h. P. Wheelan drove the winner, Woodruff, Boston	Kendall Course, Md.	May 23, 1836	117
Clara Fisher	s. m.	Charles Tracy	75 P		1	2:45	Stranger, Daniel Webster, Cripple, Ned Forest	Won easy. Track 28 rods less than a mile	Cleveland, Ohio	Aug. 7, 1837	221
Columbus	b. g.	George Spicer	300 P	harness	3	8:30—8:35	Kate Kearney, Sam Patch, Veto	Sam Patch and Veto were distanced the 1st heat	Hunting Park, Pa.	June 17, 1836	157
Columbus	b. g.	Isaac L Anderson	300 P	harness	3	8:15—8:24	Rolla, Fanny Pullen	Fanny Pullen was dist. the 2d heat, being amiss	Centreville, L. I.	May 17, 1836	109
Confidence	b. g.	Mr. Daniels	200 P	harness	2	5.33—5:37	Columbus	Won handily; neither horse was in tip top condition	Trenton, N. J.	June 9, 1836	132
Cracker Boy	s. g.	George Young	100 P	saddle	2	5:41—5:31	Counsel, Pompeii	Pompeii, the favorite, was dist. 1st heat	Centreville, L. I.	June 22, 1837	156
D. D. Tompkins	ch. g	Isaac Gilbert	200 M	saddle	2	5:11-5:12-5:13-5:16	Modesty	Track 84 yds. less than a mile	Harlem Park, N. Y.	April 29, 1837	—
D. D. Tompkins	ch. g	George Spicer	200 P	saddle	2	5:25-5:27-5:25 5:25	Modesty	The 2d was a dead heat, and the 4th was won by 18 inches only	Centreville, L. I.	May 18, 1836	109
D. D. Tompkins	ch. g.	Isaac Gilbert	300 P	saddle	3	8:15—8:08—8:16	Rattler, Modesty	Track very heavy. Young rode the winner	Centreville, L. I.	May 17, 1837	108
D. D. Tompkins	ch. g.	Isaac Gilbert	500 M	saddle	3	7:59—8:09	Rattler	This was a post match—literally D D. Tompkins *vs.* the world	Centreville, L. I.	Oct. 10, 1837	277
D. D. Tompkins	ch. g	Isaac Gilbert	200 P	saddle	2	5.16—5:11½	Locomotive, Fire King	A. Jackson was ent., but scandalously dr. after coming to the post	Centreville, L. I.	Oct. 17, 1837	284
Daniel Webster	b. g.	Mr. Edwards	100 P	saddle	2	5:45—5:46	Lady Washington, Stannard, Chucklehead	Very well contested—Chucklehead was dist the 1st heat	Hunting Park, Pa.	June 14, 1837	181
Deacon		J. B. Todd	200 P	saddle	2	6:22—6:26—6:20	Saccarappa	Track 33⅓ yds. over a mile	Mobile, Ala.	April 22, 1836	100
Deaf Burke		J. P. Merritt	500 P	saddle	⅞	4:35—4:30—4:35	Sailor Boy, Cato	The track is but seven-eights of a mile in length	Brighton Course, O.	Oct. 14, 1837	301
Dolly	s. m.	Wm. D. Sparkes	500 M	wagon	5	17:15	Match *vs.* Time, 5 mileswithin 17½ minutes	Dolly is thoroughbred; the two persons in the wagon weighed 300 lbs	Centreville, L. I.	April 13, 1837	68
Dolly	s. m.	Wm. D. Sparkes	1000 M	wagon	5	16:52	Match *vs.* Time, 5 additional miles in 17½ min.	This match was made during the performance of the 1st	Centreville, L. I.	April 13, 1837	68
Dusty Foot		Mr. Keyser	100 P	saddle	2	5:42—5:42	Miranda, Job Fox	Miranda won the 1st heat, and Job Fox was dist. the 3d	Trenton, N. J.	June 8, 1836	132
Dutchman	b. g.	Joel Conklin	3000 s	harness	2	5:18½—5:17½	Fanny Pullen, Confidence	Won in fine style, and in the best time ever made over this course	Centreville, L. I.	May 6, 1836	92
Dutchman	b. g.	Joel Conklin	1700 s	saddle	3	8:12—8:05½	Columbus, Lady Warrington	Won cleverly. The wt. carried over this course is 146lbs., in har. or sad.	Centreville, L. I.	Oct. 7, 1836	269
Dutchman	b. g.	Joel Conklin	1000 s	saddle	3	8:22—8:36	Lady Warrington	One of the official Timers reported 8:22—8:23	Hunting Park, Pa.	Nov 24, 1836	332
Dutchman	b. g.	Joel Conklin	2000 M	saddle	4	11:19—10:51	Lady Slipper	Some scoundrel in the crowd struck the mare on 2d h., and broke her up	Centreville, L. I.	May 31, 1836	125
Dutchman	b. g.	Joel Conklin	P & s	saddle	1	2:36-2:35-2:33-2:33	2:40.—Beppo	Purse $200, inside stake $1000 The dist. was mile heats, best 3 in 5	Trenton. N. J.	Sept 23, 1886	261
Dutchman	b. g.	Joel Conklin	200 P	saddle	2		Walked over	Several crack nags were on the ground, but fought shy	Centreville, L. I.	Sept 28, 1836	—
Emma Wheatley	gr. m	T. Goodrich	100 P	saddle	2	5:43—5:47	Patrick Henry, Bonny Black, Dummy	The entries had not before trotted in public for a purse	Centreville, L. I.	Oct. 18, 1837	284
Emperor	b. g.	Joel Conklin	200 s	wagon	2	6:01—6:01	Blinker, Ion	It rained throughout the race, and the track was excessively slippery	Centreville, L. I.	Oct. 5, 1837	277
Fanny Pullen	ch. m	Mr. Wilson	1000 M	sleigh	1		Prospect (a pacer)	The distance trotted was from Harry Jones' hotel to the city pavements	Third Avenue, N. Y.	Feb. 15, 1836	—
Flora Temple	gr. m.	George Perrin	500 M	saddle	1	3:01—3:05	Sam	Both horses were untried	Centreville, L. I.	Aug 29, 1836	237
George	b. h.	J. Stout	310 P	saddle	1	2:51—2:50—2:49	The Nun, Ann Merritt	The winner, and both the others, are pacers	Cincinnati, Ohio	July 15, 1837	188
Henry Clay	br. g.	Mr. Chase	200 P	saddle	2		Walked over	So many 'cracks' were expected to start that the "small fry" took fright	Centreville, L. I.	May 18, 1837	108
Jack Reeve	bl. g	Mr. Kelsey	250 M	wagon	1	2:59—2:59	Mail Carrier	The winner was untried, and did the match in a wagon, on 4 sulky wheels	Centreville, L. I.	Sept. 5, 1836	237
James Tyler	b. g.	C. S. Bertine	50 P	harness	2	5:55—6:10—6:04	Papa, Maria Monk, Rienzi	By getting foul at different times, each entry was dist. by the Rules!	Harlem Park, N. Y.	July 28, 1836	205
Jane	b. m	R. Cream	310 P	saddle	1	2:49-2:49-2:52-2:50	2:53—3:00.—Rolla, Deaf Burke	Trot. over "New Carthage Course," owned by a club of Cincinnatians	Cincinnati, Ohio	July 15, 1837	188
Jerry & Blackbird	br. g	George T. Wilson	100 s	doubl'team	2	6:27—6:30	Dutchman } sor. } bl. h } Duffy mare, } bay & Bl. h. } h's } b.m. } Yan. Doodle } m's	{ A sporting affair, and "no mistake." Gentlemen drove their own { teams.—The track was covered with water, and very heavy	Centreville, L. I.	Jan. 7, 1836	2
Job Fox	ro. h	Mr. West	500 M	saddle	10	32:15	A grey horse	The grey horse was amiss, and threw a shoe in 3d mile	Centreville. L. I.	June 16, 1836	149
John Caldwell	br. h	C. S. Bertine	100 P	saddle	1	2:55½—2:49—2:46	2.48.—Baltimore, Standard	Baltimore fell overboard from a steamboat two days previous	Trenton, N. J.	June 8, 1837	133
Lady Catherine	b. m.	S. Kyle	235 P	saddle	1	3:20—3:19—3:16	Helen	Both untried horses, and track very heavy	Mobile, Ala.	Jan. 27, 1837	5
Lady Catherine	b. m.	John Stout	200 P	saddle	2		Rolla	Rolla was bred at the North, and was formerly a "crack."	Mobile, Ala.	May 19, 1837	133
Lady Duffie	b. m	Wm. J. Mason	1000 M	harness	10	36:35	Defiance	Lady Duffie was owned in Petersburg, Defiance in Richmond	Fairfield, Va.	Dec. 31, 1836	381
Lady Hamlet	br. m	F. Goodrich	250 s	saddle	2	5:42—5:42	Pompeii, Betsey, Brutus	A capital trot, made during a heavy rain storm	Centreville, L. I.	Oct. 5, 1837	277
Lady Slipper	gr. m	George Davies	400 P	saddle	3	8:47	Rolla	Lady Slipper was recently owned by R. F. Carman, Esq., of N. Y. city	Mobile, Ala.	Jan. 24, 1837	5
Lady Warrington	gr. m	W. Tyson	1900 s	saddle	3	8:05—8:17—8:19	Dutchman, Norman Leslie	The winner (owned by R. Gilmor, Esq. of Balt.) car. 8 lb. extra, i. e. 154	Trenton, N. J.	Nov 11, 1836	317
Lady Warrington	gr m.	H. Richards	200 P	saddle	2	5:25	Henry Clay	H. C. was the favorite 6 to 1, but his jockey was dist. for dismounting	Trenton, N. J.	June 9, 1837	133
Lady Warrington	gr. m.	Mr. Harvey	200 P	saddle	2	5:26	Norman Leslie	Norman Leslie dist. 1st heat, though the favorite at 2 to 1	Hunting Park, Pa.	June 15, 1836	149
Lazarus	s. g.	C. S. Bertine	50 P	saddle	2	5:45—5:46—5:46	Rienzi, Maria Monk	A match, Modesty vs. Beppo, came off between the heats of this trot	Centreville, L. I.	June 30, 1836	205
Locomotive	s. g.	Albert Conklin	200 P	saddle	2		Walked over	Very few horses were in condition at this period	Centreville, L. I.	Sept 27, 1836	—
Locomotive	s. g.	Albert Conklin	100 P	saddle	2	5:49	Lazarus, Miranda	Won in two heats—time of 2d not reported	Trenton, N. J.	Sept 23, 1836	253
Locomotive	s. g.	Albert Conklin	80 P	saddle	1	2:38—2:36—2.37	Pompeii, Fire King (best 3 in 5)	Fire King was amiss, but came in 2d the first two heats	Centreville, L. I.	Oct. 19, 1837	284
Lexington	gr. g.	E. Forbes	100 P	saddle	1	2:54½—2:52½—2:45	Spartacus (best 3 in 5)	Both untried, but good ones	Centreville, L. I.	Sept 28, 1836	—
Maid of the Forest		S. O'Rourke			1	2:50	Black Rover	The winner was brought from Canada by O'Rourke, the pugilist	3d Avenue, N. Y.	Feb. 23, 1836	13
Mary Forest	ro. m.	Peter Wheelan	150 P	harness	1	2:52-2:46-2:48-2:49	2:50.—Polly Ogden (best 3 in 5)	A very tight thing. Polly was the favorite, and won the 2d and 4th heats	Centreville, L. I.	June 22, 1837	156
Mischief	gr. m.	Charles Sibery		harness	84½	8 hours 32 minutes	Agst. time. 90 miles in 10 h.; Jersey city to Phila.	M. was killed by the carelessness of her groom, or she would have won.	Phil. & N.J. turnpike	July 1, 1837	169
Miss Saratoga	s. m.	A.L.VanBoskerck	125 s	saddle	1	2:40½—2:37—2:36	2:36½—Dusty Bob (best 3 in 5)	Both pacers, and the winner a good one. She is now (July 1838) for sale	Centreville, L. I.	May 19, 1837	116
Modesty	gr. m	Richard F. Carman	500 M	saddle	2	5:42—5:39	Beppo	The winner gave Beppo 50 yds. in the start each heat	Centreville, L. I.	June 30, 1836	205
Modesty	gr. m.	Richard F. Carman	100 P	saddle	2	5:20—5:20—5:24½	Columbus	Columbus fell lame in 2d heat, after winning the 1st	Harlem Park, N. Y.	April 24, 1837	84
Modesty	gr. m	Richard F. Carman	200 P	saddle	2	5:23—5:31	Apology	Modesty was ridden by Conklin—Apology by Peter Wheelan	Hunting Park, Pa.	May 9, 1837	108
Mountain Sylph	br. m	Peter Wheelan	100 P	saddle	2	5:41—5:51	De Witt Clinton, Lady of the Lake	Won handily. The Sylph is advertised for sale in to-day's paper	Centreville, L. I.	May 18, 1837	108
Mount Holly	gr. g.	James Brown	100 P	saddle	1	2:49—2:52—2:49	Sam Patch, Dusty Foot, Crazy Jane	Dusty-foot was ent. to make up a field, after being driven several miles	Hunting Park, Pa.	June 15, 1836	149
Mount Holly	gr. g.	James Brown	1000 M	saddle	17	53:18	Match aagainst time—20 miles within an hour	Mount Holly lost the match from being badly ridden.—2 to 1 vs. him	Hunting Park, Pa.	Oct. 10, 1836	277
Napoleon	b. h.	Francis Chase	200 P	harness	2	5:40—6:08	A roan mare	Won without a struggle	Hunting Park, Pa.	May 10, 1837	108
Norman Leslie	br. g.	Hiram Woodruff	200 P	saddle	2	5:22—5:24—5:26	Job Fox	The purse was given for horses that never won a purse of over $100	Centreville, L. I.	May 19, 1836	109
Norman Leslie	br. g.	George Spicer	250 s	saddle	2	5:28—5:25—5:30	Columbus, Mount Holly	The winner was sold after the trot to a gentleman of Philadelphia	Hunting Park, Pa.	June 17, 1836	157
Norman Leslie	br. g.	Hiram Woodruff	200 P	saddle	1	2:38—2:36½—2:38	2:39—2:38.—Confidence, Columbus, Mt. Holly	Confidence won the first two heats, and Mount Holly was drawn the 2d	Trenton, N. J.	June 10, 1836	132
Old Hickory	b. g	Wm. Hughes	50 P		1	2 3½—2 34	Mr. Selover's roan gelding	Track 28 rods less than a mile	Cleveland, Ohio	Aug 7, 1837	221
Onandaga Chief	b. h	J. Hunt	350 P	harness	2	6:46—6:46—6:39	Rocket	The winner was bred in Canada, we believe; owned in N. Y. some time	Mobile, Ala.	Jan 26, 1837	5
Onandaga Chief	br. g	J. E. Zantz	300 P	saddle	3	9:40—9:39	Deacon	Deacon was dist. the 2d heat; track very heavy	Mobile, Ala.	May 17, 1837	133
Oneida Chief	ch. g.	Henry Severance	200 M	saddle	3	8:37—8:32	Miss Saratoga	Both pacers, and Oneida Chief the fastest ever known here	Centreville, L. I.	Dec. 8, 1836	—
Peggy Madee	br. m.	Mr. Vandewater	200 s	harness	2	5:43—5:40—5:39½	Joshua, Fox	The winner was driven by Hiram Woodruff, and won cleverly	Centreville, L. I.	May 4, 1837	92
Pelham	b. g.	Col. Jos. Alston	500 M	harness	16	58:28	Match agst. Time—16 miles within an hour	The match was ridden by Mr. Wallace, who rode 160 lbs	Charleston, S. C.	March 1, 1837	37
Polly Ogden	s. m.	G. Edwards	200 P	harness	2	5:38—6:06	Emperor	Emperor won the 1st, but was dist. the 2d heat	Centreville, L. I.	Oct. 19, 1837	284
Pompeii	b. g.	Hiram Woodruff	50 P	saddle	1	2:47—2:40—2:44½	2.48.—Betty, Lady Marlboro', Dewitt Clinton	A very severe race between the winner and Betsey, who won 1st heat	Centreville, L. I.	Oct. 10, 1837	277
Prize	br. h.	S. V. V Schuyler	150 P	saddle	1	3:24—3:28	Kate, Dragon, Clara Fisher	Track 33 yds. over a mile	Mobile, Ala.	April 24, 1836	149
Rattler	b. g.	H. Vandewater	200 s	saddle	3		Lady of the Lake	Very well contested; no time kept	Centreville, L. I.	May 4, 1837	93
Rattler	b. g.	H. Vandewater	300 P	saddle	3	8:35—8:33	Lady Warrington	Hiram Woodruff rode the winner, and Harvey Richards Lady W.	Hunting Park, Pa.	May 11, 1837	108
Rattler	b. g.	Peter Wheelan	1000 M	saddle	2	5:17½—5:23	Locomotive	A "slap up" affair, contested every inch	Centreville, L. I.	Nov. 3, 1837	312
Rattler	b. g.	H. Vandewater	50 P	saddle	2	5:42—5:43—5:47	Steamboat, Job Fox	Rattler was so fine that neither a Steamboat nor a Fox could go his pace	Centreville, L. I.	Dec. 15, 1836	—
Richard III.	ch g.	C. S. Bertine	100 P	saddle	2	5:47—5:43—5:50	Spartacus, Calhoun	Spartacus won the 2d heat; Calhoun lost a shoe in the 1st, after it dr.	Trenton, N. J.	Nov. 8, 1836	317
Richard III.	ch. g	C. S. Bertine	100 P	harness	2	5:45	Lafayette, Clinton	Won "all to pieces"—Richard walking over for the 2d heat	Centreville, L. I.	Sept 27, 1836	—
Rocket	br. h.	J. Zantz	250 P	saddle	1	3:37—3:13	Traveller	Track very heavy, and 33⅓ yds. over a mile	Mobile, Ala.	Jan. 27, 1837	5
Rocket	br. g.	James E. Zantz	300 P	harness	3	8:42—8:43	Rolla	Both horses originally belonged in this city, and are good ones	Mobile, Ala.	May 18, 1837	133
Rolla	br. g.	Mr. Walter	50 P	saddle	2	5:37—5:38	Job Fox, Maria Monk	Job Fox was the favorite, but came in 3d the 2d heat	Centreville, L. I.	July 27, 1836	205
Saccarappa		Wm. Ely	250 P	saddle	2	6:35—6:30	Prize, John	Track very heavy, and 33⅓ yds. over a mile	Mobile, Ala.	April 23, 1836	100
Splay Foot	gr. g.	Wm. Tonnelle	500 M	saddle	1	3:12—3:06	Fanny Kemble	Both entries untried	Centreville, L. I	Aug 29, 1836	237
Splay Foot	gr. g.	A.L. VanBoskerck	100 M	saddle	2	5:38—5:38	Cracker	Won in sporting style after a severe contest	Centreville, L. I.	Oct. 10, 1837	277
Tom Johnson	b g.	James E. Zantz	200 P	saddle	1	2:52—2:47—2:52	Stick-in-the-mud, Silvertail, Jean Baptiste, Erie	The entries all pacers; Jean B., from N. Orleans, the favorite *vs.* the field	Mobile, Ala.	May 20. 1837	133
Troy Horse				saddle	1		Eddington mare	The mare dist. 1st heat; in lieu of a 2d, a nice chunk of a fight was got up	Eddington, Me.	Sept 19, 1836	261
Troy Horse				saddle	1	2:47	A racker	The racker won 1st heat, and was dist. the 2d; time of 2d not given	Eddington, Me.	Sept 20, 1836	261
Unexpected	b. g.	Mr. Lewis	100 P	harness	2	5:48½—5:48	Polly Ogden, Lady Hamlet	Neither entry had ever won a purse over $100	Centreville, L. I.	Oct. 17, 1837	284
Victress	s. m.	Mr. Brown	2000 M	harness	1	3:08—3:01	Lady Duffie	Won handily, the winner coming out "like one buttoning up in a hurry."	Fairfield. Va.	July 12, 1837	188
Washington	gr. g.	J. Furman	200 P	harness	3	8:25—8:27—8:27	Alexander	Alexander won the 2d heat	Centreville, L. I.	May 19, 1836	109
Washington	gr. g.	George Spicer	200 P	harness	3	8:44—8:30	Apology, Richard III.	Richard III. was dist. the 2d heat	Trenton, N. J.	Nov. 9, 1836	317
Washington	gr. g	George Spicer	300 P	harness	3	8:19—8:44	Andrew Jackson	A very sharp race from end to end	Hunting Park, Pa.	Nov. 17, 1836	332
Washington	gr. g	George Spicer	200 P	harness	2	5:52—5:45	Dick, Montgomery	The winner was the favorite, and won like open and shut	Trenton, N. J.	Sept 21, 1836	253
Washington	gr. g	George Spicer	300 P	harness	3	8:26½ 8 19	Cato, Rolla	A good race—the word was "go along" from the start	Centreville, L. I.	Sept 30, 1836	—
Washington	gr. g.	George Spicer	300 P	harness	3	8:34—8:37—8.45	Rattler, Aaron Burr	Aaron Burr won the 2d heat	Centreville, L. I.	May 19, 1837	116
Washington	gr. g	George Spicer	200 P	harness	2	5:42½—5:42—5:29	Mountain Sylph, Norman Leslie	Mountain Sylph won the 1st heat, and was 2d the other two	Trenton, N. J.	June 7, 1837	133
Washington	gr. g.	George Spicer	500 s	harness	2	5.24—5:31	Henry Clay	The 2d heat was won by six inches only	Hunting Park, Pa.	June 14, 1837	181
Washington	gr. g.	Wm. W. Janeway	200 M	wagon	1½	"	Yankee Doodle	Yankee Doodle could not "come to town" with this party	3d Avenue, N. Y.	Dec. 8, 1837	—
Whip-poor-will		Hiram Woodruff	200 P	saddle	2	5:39-5:43—5:45	Unknown, Wellington, Serina, Alexr, C. Fishe	The entries were untried, and made a very interesting trot	Centreville, L. I.	May 18, 1836	109
William Penn	br. g.	Wm. Selvage	100 P	saddle	1	2:41-2:37-2:40-2:45	Jerry, Daniel Webster, Lady Washington	Jerry won the 1st heat, and was 2d in the other three	Hunting Park, Pa.	May 9, 1837	108
William Penn	br. g	Wm Selvage	100 P	saddle	1	2:42—2:42—2:41	Lady Tat, Blue Bird	Won like a top, the winner walking over the score the 3d heat	Hunting Park, Pa.	June 13, 1837	181
Yankee Doodle	— h.	Samuel Bradhurst	500 M	wagon	5		Napoleon	Each drew 300 lbs. in the wagon. The time inside of 3 min. per mile	3d Avenue, N. Y.	April 15, 1836	80
——	gr. c.	Mr. P——	500 M	harness	6	1:17	A roan horse	The snow was up to the hubs of the wheels	Centreville, L. I.	Jan. 22. 1836	—
——	gr. c.	Mr. Smith	250 ft	harness	2		Rec. ft. in a match with Mr. Bryan's b. h.	The bay horse was amiss, and failed to "come to taw."	Centreville, L. I.	May 17, 1836	109
——	— c.	Mr. Logan	100 P	saddle	1	3:27—3:25	Mr. Free's filly and Mr. Boyer's colt	The purse was given for untried 4 yr. old colts and fillies	Hunting Park, Pa.	May 10, 1837	108
——	gr. g.	James Hamill	1000 M	saddle	2		A br. gelding, ridden by P. Wheelan	No particulars of this match were suffered to transpire	Hunting Park, Pa.	May 12, 1837	108
——	s. g.	John Hooke	100 M	harness	5	16.26	Match agst. Time—5 miles in 17 min.	A capital performance, done handily in a wagon	Centreville, L. I.	Oct. 10, 1837	277
——	br. m	Capt. C. Vanderbilt	1000 M	sleigh	5		Rail Road	Rail Road was beaten fairly out of sight	3d Avenue, N. Y.	Jan. 20. 1836	—

The Medocs and Woodpeckers.—A Kentucky turfman writes from Richmond, in that State, under date of the 26th ult., that great preparations are making for the Fall campaign. He says "The Medocs are all the go just now—they rival the Woodpeckers. I must tell you a good joke. The owner of W. was in the habit of saying to breeders 'let Woodpecker build a nest for you.' Well, it so turned out that at the late Lexington races, Col. BUFORD won two days with the only Medocs that started during the meeting. After the last race (about which there was a great degree of feeling) the Col. wittily remarked, 'Well, gentlemen, I have found the Woodpecker's nest, and caught all the young birds.' The laugh was universal."

THE LATE LOUISVILLE (Ky.) SPRING RACES.

BY A LOUISIANA TURFMAN.

COVINGTON, Ky, June 2[illegible], 1838

Dear Sir,—After a lapse of some fifteen or twenty days since the Louisville Races, in the daily expectation of improving in health, I yet feel myself but very imperfectly able to give you a sketch of the occurrences at the Oakland Course, at the last meeting. Simply to admit that I was pleased and gratified at the sport which the races afforded, would be but a meagre compliment to the efforts made by Col. OLIVER, to fit up the course in his characteristic style, to the delight and gratification of a most numerous and select crowd of spectators and visitors, and to its cheering and alleviating effect on my own personal feelings. The scene was indeed truly splendid, and well calculated to gratify, as also to excite emotions of pride and pleasure in the breast of Kentuckians,—while to the strangers, the handsome manner in which the Race Course was fitted up, the elegant and commodious arrangements, which had been made and prepared for the occasion, and the contests and rivalry that followed, with a show of a fine field of horses on every day, added to the zest of amusement, the charm of novelty. On either of the five days there were not less than from twelve to fifteen hundred spectators, and on the four mile day at least three thousand collected from all parts of the State, and in appearance, manners, and conduct, the most respectable and genteel assemblage of men that I have ever seen brought together on such an occasion. The spirit and pride of Kentucky were up, and all those throughout the State who felt and could appreciate the importance of encouraging and supporting the effort thus made by Col. Oliver, to propagate and improve the rearing of domestic stock, were present, and appeared to take a lively interest in the success of the experiment. The existence of that sense of pride to which I allude, was particularly manifested in the number and excellence of the fine fields of [illegible] on each successive day. The prizes for contest of themselves would not have authorized the preparations which were made to do honor to the occasion. It was a better feeling, and will find its reward in the consequences. What the appearance and condition of the Oakland Course might have been before it passed into the possession and under the control of Col. Oliver, I cannot take on myself to say, but much, if not almost every thing, in the present appearance of the course and its appurtenances, indicates recent change and alteration, which doubtless has been for the better. The local advantages of the course, although fair, are not superior. The ground over which the track leads is sufficiently level, but the form of the track is, to one of my taste, unseemly and by no means calculated for the quickest possible time; yet in laying it out, particular regard in the latter respect was had to circumstances. The superficial area of ground pertaining to the course is not of sufficient extent, it is said, to admit of a track being made in a different form. At present, instead of being an elliptic, which I take to be the legitimate form for a race track, the Oakland Course resembles rather the letter D.—the base of the figure being the straight stretch home on the last quarter. This is the most trying part of the ground, as from the last turn to the Judges' Stand there is a gradual elevation. The stands for visitors, both [illegible] manner as to prevent interference or intrusion. The style in which the stand for Members, and also that for the Ladies, was constructed and furnished, did equal credit to the taste and good sense of the Proprietor. The common stand for visitors is large and spacious, but the objection to the whole structure is, that it is not put up in the right place to enable spectators to witness that part of a contest in a race, which is attended with the most thrilling interest and intense emotion—the *denouement*, or out-come of the horses. The stand is on a straight line with the track, at the extremity of the last stretch, and therefore only admits of a front view of the horses as they come home; while the parallel position of the structure to the track admits of only a very narrow opening for view until the horses reach the stand. An alteration in the position of the stand would be at some cost, but no cost would be too great which should attain the object for which a stand is designed. Col. Oliver is not to be held fairly accountable for its present location, having offered an extravagant price for a slip of land in the rear. This he hopes yet to obtain, and if he should not, will most probably alter the position of the stand before the Fall. The course is very handsomely and securely inclosed by a plank fence, at least nine feet high, with an inside railing, allowing a space of at least 35 feet for the width of the track—while the interior presents a green sward, studded with fine forest trees of various kinds, with white-washed trunks, at least 10 feet high, giving a most picturesque appearance to the scene, and offering a most refreshing enjoyment to the senses.

The prize for the first day (Tuesday) was the *Breeders' Plate*, the value of which was not stated in the advertisement, nor did I afterwards learn, The hand-bill of the Proprietor showed an entry of some seven or eight nags for this day, but only three came to the post. As this prize is solely intended for the encouragement of Breeders of stock, entries of colts, not over 3 yrs. old, are made free of expense. This is as it should be, and I doubt not, now that the principle on which this plate is offered has become known and understood, the field of competition and contention, for the future, will be much enlarged.

A bay filly by Orphan Boy, dam by Sir Archy—a sorrel filly by Collier, dam by Koscinsko—and a grey colt by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, each 3 yrs. old, started for the Plate. The Bertrand, after a flourish of heels for half a mile, yielded the contest to the two fillies, who appeared to be, and actually were, well matched in speed and bottom. They made a severe struggle for the heat, which was won only by a few feet, by ***Minerva Miller***, the sorrel filly. The 2d heat was contested with equal obstinacy, and won by ***Esther Cooper***, the bay filly, by about the same distance. The issue of the 3d heat was doubtful to the last stride. It was, however, given in favor of Esther. The time of the heats was 1:54—1:51—1:59. The gray was distanced the 1st heat. If he was a Bertrand it was only in the name, for he showed none of the blood, either in color, form, or performance

This race was followed by a second for a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, in which two only showed—a sorrel filly by Waxy, and a bay filly by Imp. Leviathan—which was won in two heats by the Waxy filly, but not without a struggle.

The prize for the 2d day was the *Oakland Plate*, a Splendid Tea Service of Silver, value $500, Two mile heats. The entries for this day were eight in number, and consisted of the most promising young horses in Kentucky. Such as had been tried were winners, and the most sanguine expectations were entertained of the performance of the others. Colts and fillies by Bertrand, Woodpecker, Collier, Medoc, and Waxy, were to contend against each other, and a much greater solicitude was felt and evinced, that the performance of each entry should sustain the reputation of the sire, than any feeling of gratification derived from the simple obtention of the prize, could have afforded.

The first entry on the hand-bill (*Conflict*, a b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.) won the race in very good time (3:56—3:54) and without a struggle. His resemblance to ***Arbaces*** in color, form, and carriage, is most striking and remarkable. In size and form Conflict is superior to Arbaces. He is, in truth, a splendid horse and a capital racer. I doubt, indeed, if the sire has left such another colt behind him. What, besides his performance, tends to enhance him so much in the estimation of breeders, is the excellence of his cross. As far as I can learn, no pedigree in the State is thought to be equal to the mingled blood of *Bertrand and Gallatin.*

At the tap of the drum Conflict took the track, and with a stride that was killing, and a spirit which his jockey could not control, wantoned and frolicked through the heat. His style and manner of doing the thing was a la Bertrand *ad vivum*, like that of Arbaces in his race with ***Naked Truth*** at St. Francisville, as you can well conceive; [Arbaces won in two heats—time, 5:45—5:43, Three mile heats.] with this difference, that Arbaces, in his race, had but one pursuer; while after Conflict there were seven, ever and anon "trying it on,"—a circumstance which he did not seem to understand or heed. The 2d heat he won with as much ease as the 1st, running on his courage throughout, and distancing some three or four of the entries—among them, Col. **Buford**'s *Medoca.* Between the 1st and 2d heats Mr. **Walker Thurston**, whose practised eye nothing escapes about a race horse, purchased Conflict of his owner, Mr. H. R. **Tarlton**, for $2000. Although he was beaten by ***Keph*** (by Hephestion) on the four mile day, he could not now be had, I presume, for less than $6000. Conflict stands abaut 15½ hands, in high racing form, and as game in appearance as his pedigree could well indicate; and unless I am greatly mistaken as to what may be expected of him the coming season, it will take your ***Duanes*** and ***Bostons*** to travel in company with him the four mile heats.

On Thursday the Proprietor's Purse of $500, Three mile heats, was run for. There were six entries of horses of high reputation—three of the entries were by Bertrand, one by Waxy, another by Plato, and another the Virginia gelding by Pirate. *Queen Mary*, a sorrel filly by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer 3 yrs., was the winner. She took the purse in two heats, winning the 1st with much apparent ease, and coming in ahead of the gelding the 2d, without any appearance of a killing struggle, in 5:51—5:54. Queen Mary is a racer, and perhaps of the first class, but I do not consider her to be either as stout, lasting, or speedy as Conflict. Yet her owner, Mr. J. W. **Fenwick**, holds her at a high figure, and she may command his price.

Seven horses were entered to start on Friday in the race of Four mile heats. they are all considered to be racers—many of them were winners—and much speculation was indulged, and a great variety of opinions existed, as to the result.

Keph, b. h., 5 yrs. old, by Hephestion, dam by Sumpter, was entered by James K. Duke.

Dick Johnson, b. h., 5 yrs. old, by Bertrand, out of Susan by Tiger (own brother to *Dick Singleton*) was entered by S. Burbridge.

Conflict, b. c., 4 yrs. old, by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, entered by A. Cunningham (W. Thurston's).

Corinna, b. m., 6 yrs. old, by Trumpator, dam by Director, entered by Thomas G Moore.

Wm. Henry Harrison, gr. h., 5 yrs. old, by Trumpator, dam by Doublehead, entered by G. W. Tarlton.

Sthrishley. ch. c., 4 yrs. old, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, was entered by Col. Buford.

Robt. Burns, b. h., 6 yrs. old, by Kosciusko, out of Betty Bluster by Bluster, entered by W. T. Ward.

Such a field of horses authorised an anticipation of real sport, in which the crowd of spectators were not, indeed, disappointed. I had never, myself, seen as many fine horses contending in four mile heats before. The spectacle to me, therefore, was novel and exciting. Large sums were laid on different horses, at odds against the field. Among the whole, Dick Johnson and Harrison appeared to be the favorites, and they were freely backed against the other five. Conflict, although he had made so handsome a run on Wednesday, and had won his race with such apparent ease, seemed to be overlooked by the bettors and sportsmen. I could not myself see why he should be any more on Friday than he was on Wednesday, when I thought him one of the best horses I had ever seen for any distance, and accordingly took him for the 1st heat, at odds of 4 to 1 for a few X.'s. I also took the field against Dick Johnson and Wm. H. Harrison for as many more, at 3 to 1. Large sums were staked on the last proposition, as great diversity of opinion prevailed among those who were considered to be "knowing ones" in the race.

After one false start, they all got off well together, but after passing the first turn, Conflict began to tail them into a string, which continued to lengthen till the jockey succeeded, by a steady and constant pull, to moderate his pace. On the 1st and 2d miles he was run at by Robt. Burns, a horse of considerable speed, and on the 3d and 4th miles, Corinna made her run at him; but cutting out the work in his own way was no trouble to Conflict, and home he came in the 4th mile at a rattling pace, some distance in front of the contending nags; Dick Johnson and Keph laying up, and just dropping within the distance pole. Harrison let down in the 2d mile, and was distanced. The heat was run in 8:12, not the best of time, while the running appeared to be good, and the struggle severe.

Two and 3 to 1 on Conflict against any one entry was now freely offered but not taken. After pocketing the *results* of my forecast on the 1st heat, I awaited patiently the sequel, not without some misgivings, that Dick Johnson, from his game, might win the race on the event of broken heats. In due time the horses were again summoned to the stand, and it was with some difficulty that anything like a fair and even start could be made. Conflict, although entitled to the track, was among those caught standing in the rear at the tap of the drum. After rounding the turn, however, he went ahead, which position he maintained for the first mile and a half, when he was collared by Corinna, who kept him going at a rate fast enough to kill her, at the termination of the 3d mile, when Keph, who until now had been going at his leisure, came up and challenged. Until now, none knew how Keph could use his heels, but Conflict was not kept long in suspense on this point—for a burst of speed between the two, followed by the brush of Keph, ensued, which held the crowd in breathless expectation for near a mile. As they came home, near a distance ahead of the rest, Keph drew out about a length ahead of Conflict.—This heat was made in 8:02. As they came out, the idea involuntarily arose in my mind, that my croaking apprehension about broken heats, had been realized, and the consequence would follow which I had predicted. Dick Johnson was yet comparatively fresh, and the bets now were 3 and 4 to 1 that he would take the money. If Conflict had been properly jockied, he might easily have taken the 2d heat, but permitted to run as he did, and to contend first against one, and then another, was enough to worry down any horse that had been only trained for two mile heats. No horse under the circumstances could have performed better, and all were surprised that he made such a struggle. It was an act of imprudence in his owner to start him for the 3d heat, but he resolved on so doing with a view of running a waiting heat, and thus be prepared for Dick Johnson, if he should take the 3d.

Keph, Dick Johnson, and Conflict, were the only horses brought to the stand in the 3d heat. They got off very quietly, Keph leading for the first mile. He then bottled up his courage for a while, and left the task to Conflict, who was next in the string. Dick Johnson now made play, went ahead of Keph, and thinking the coast clear, made his dash at Conflict. This the latter sustained for at least a mile and a quarter, when up came Keph again, rattling away at a bold stroke. To lap and pass Dick Johnson was the work of an instant; then passing on, Conflict yielded the track to him without a struggle, and continued to fall in the rear, till he was passed by Dick Johnson. From the Oakland House home, a distance of 1000 yards, the struggle was severe between Keph and Dick Johnson, in the 4th mile. At the turn Dick collared Keph, but the latter cleared himself of him in the stretch, and drew out about two lengths ahead, Conflict well up and running at his ease. This heat was done in 8:25.

The weather was clear, but the sun shone oppressively, and there was but little air in circulation during the running of the heats. The track was dry, and pronounced to be in excellent order, but I think it was too hard in some places, and too soft and heavy in others. Dick Johnson, Keph, Harrison, and another of the entries, were all badly hurt in their hoofs and legs, and the injury was attributed by their trainers to the hardness of the track. Keph, before the race, was sold for $2000 to some gentleman from Indiana, whether he won or lost the race. After the race was over, it was generally voted that he was a bargain, and would make a first rate *Indiana* race-horse.

The crowning scene in the drama was, however, reserved for Saturday, the last day. The purse was for Mile heats, best 3 in 5, and six horses, the "flower and pick" of Kentucky, were entered.

1st. Sidney Burbridge showed ch. c., 4 yrs. old, by Kosciusko, dam by Moses.

2d. Charles Buford shewed ch. f., 3 yrs. old, by Medoc, out of Butterfly by Sumpter.

3d. A Cunningham shewed ch. f. *Maria Duke*, 3 yrs. old, by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter.

4th. George E. Blackburn entered ch. f. *Willina Herndon*, 3 yrs. old, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster.

5th. W. T. Ward entered br. h. *Coriolanus*, 6 yrs. old, by Waxy, dam by Whip.

6th. Wm. Buford, jun., entered b. c. *Brandy*, 3 yrs. old, by Abdalramar, dam by Tiger.

The day was fair, and every thing propitious to the splendid feat we were about to witness. Every entry had his or her backers, and large sums were staked on different horses for different heats. The 2d and 4th entries were in some instances given and taken against the field. I risked a few more X.'s on this odds. At a few minutes past 12 the horses were brought to the stand. All looked well, and eager for the impending strife. I never saw six horses all carry such fine suits of hair before. At the tap of the drum they are off and away like "shots out of a locker." It was a dash of speed from the first jump, such as one only sees in quarter racing—for the first half mile they ran in a crowd, and then began to tail off. The pace of two or three ahead was terrific, and they swung around the turns with all the quick and airy celerity of swallows. Three of the nags came into the stretch home abreast; among them, Maria Duke, who had been running as yet hard in hand. Her jockey here relaxed his pull in some degree, and she drew out some three lengths ahead, winning the heat in 1:48. All the others saved their distance.

This was thought to be surprising time, when compared with that of the preceding day, and when there existed no visible difference in the condition of the track in the two cases. At the termination of the heat, not a horse shewed any symptoms of being blown, and when called up in the 2d heat, they all appeared to be fresh and full of metal. Maria Duke, it was known, had only been in training from the 16th of May to the 11th of June, and all thought she had done wonders. Now was the turn for some others, was almost a universal opinion. Away they went, like Meteors in their flight; the 1st and 2d entries went ahead till they passed the Oakland House (half the ground). Here the stride of Maria Duke began again to tell, and by the time they reached the last turn she was abreast of the other two. In an instant more she is ahead, and almost as quick as thought, is again at the stand, two lengths in advance of her competitors. This heat was run in 1:48½.

The time of this heat destroyed all catenation of ideas, in the crowd, for at least 10 minutes, during which they dealt only in *interjections* and *exclamations*. Every horse had saved his distance, and whose turn next, it was to be, none would even venture to predict. Not an entry appeared the worse for the runs in the two preceding heats, and some, it was thought, had not as yet run for either. That Maria Duke had shewn herself a prodigy, all admitted; but prodigy as she was, none supposed her capable of taking the 3d heat. She appeared to be quite as fresh and cool, when called up for the 3d heat, as any of the rest, and but for the extraordinary time in which the 1st and 2d heats had been made, there were persons who would have taken her for the 3d heat against any other named entry. It was some time before they could all get off together—all appeared to seek an advantage in going off, and two or three false starts were made in consequence of the eagerness and impatience of the jockies and trainers. Finally they got off in a string, Maria Duke being, I believe, in the rear of all. The pace was as rapid as in the two former heats, and the running more in a crowd, until they passed the Oakland House, when the stride of the Medoc colt and Willina began to carry them ahead again;—and here again Maria Duke began to draw out of the crowd in the rear, and to press on the two former. As they swept around the turn she was up, and coming into the stretch she has it—the nearer she comes the faster she runs, until a deafening shout hails her the victress in 1:48 again.

What think you, friend Porter, of such a feat, in an animal that had been taken up barely three weeks before? Is there anything in our racing annals that can compare with it? Although the last heat was reported in 1:48, it was actually done in 1:47. Two good timers was sitting by me, each of whom made it in that time, and so did many other persons. Not a horse was distanced in the three heats, and not one, it was said, that was not game and fleet enough to do his mile in 1:50. Maria Duke is indeed nothing less than a prodigy,—such as Nature, in some of her freaks every 25 or 30 years, entertains the world with a sight of. Just imagine to yourself an animal 15 hands 2½ inches high, a lively deep sorrel in color, with every mark and point that all the race horses you have ever seen in your life could afford, appearing in one constellation, and you may form some imperfect idea of what this animal actually is. There is no point in her form that would not be pronounced not only faultless, but in the highest style of beauty and power. She was, when she ran, the property of Mr. W. **Thurston**,—since then she has changed owners, to a tune that is a secret to all but T. and your humble servant,

A. Haralson.

Salmagundi.

Those of our readers who have ever read or heard of the story of Cousin Sally Dilliard and Captain Rice's "treat," will feel a particular interest in the following "moral" to the tale, from the same pen as the tale itself:—

Wedding Extra!!—Married at Chalk Level, Pittsylvania county, Virginia, by Joseph Rice, commonly called Capt. Rice, Mr. **Moses Harriss**, commonly called our Mose, to Miss **Sarah Dilliard**, commonly called "Cousin Sally." In this wedding things were managed a little different from common affairs. After the parties were agreed, cousin Sally waited on old Tom Harriss, (our old friend and witness,) and, after a due quantum of palaver and circumbendibus chat, she made known the state and condition of her's and Mose's hearts, and that they had come to a *clusion* to marry, if so be the old folks were willing. Old Tom pulled up his breeches by the waistband, and squirted the tobacco juice through his teeth. He said, "*the crap was smartly in the grass, but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard*, she might have Mose." What was the most singular of all, was the fact, that coming through home from the wedding, old Harriss, his wife, Mose, and cousin Sally Dilliard, all *waded the big swamp. Tempora Mutantur.*

Carolina Watchman.

National Characteristics.—"England," the *Temps* (Paris paper) observes, "is a vast manufactory, a great laboratory, a universal counting-house. France is a rich farm, tending to turn itself into a manufactory. Germany is an uncultivated field, because they are philosophers and not peasants who till it. Southern Italy is a villa in ruins. Northern Italy is an artificial prairie. Belgium is a forge. Holland is a canal. Sweden and Denmark are carpenters' yards. Poland is a sandy heath. Russia is an ice house. Switzerland is a chalet. Greece is a field in a state of nature. Turkey is a field fallow. India is a gold mine. Egypt is a work-shop for apprentices. Africa is a furnace. Algiers is a nursery-ground. Asia is a grove The Antilles are sugar refineries. South America is a store. North America is a till full. Spain is a till empty.

The Biter Bit.—"I say, neighbor Snobbs, if you don't keep your hens out of my garden, I will shoot them."

"Very well, Doolittle, shoot away; only, if you kill any of *my* hens, throw them over into my yard."

Crack went the old fowling piece, morning after morning, and the large fat hens were pitched into neighbor Snobb's yard like rain. After a fortnight or more, Doolittle discovered that Snobbs never had any hens, and that he had been shooting his own, they having broken out of his own hencoop.

N O. Picayune.

An Inviting Invitation.—An Irishman, newly arrived from Connemara, seeing on the door of a shop "Money lent," went in and asked the pawnbroker to lend him a sovereign. On its being explained to him that he could not have the money without leaving *quantum sufficit* of goods, vastly disappointed, he exclaimed, "Ye swindlers, then what do you mane by writing up 'Money lent,' when all the time it ought to be '*Goods borrowed!*'"

During the rebellion in Scotland, Earl Chesterfield was in Ireland, and one morning, when it was reported that the Roman Catholics were about to rise, a gentleman ran very abruptly into his chamber—"My lord, my lord, we are undone," says he, "all Ireland is expected to be up immediately." "Why, what o'clock is it?" says the Earl. "Ten, my lord," answered the gentleman. "Then I will get *up myself*," says his lordship, "for I think every man ought to be up at ten o'clock."

Garrick's Size.—When Foote was about to produce a play by puppets, a lady of fashion asked him if the figures were to be as large as life. "Oh no, madam," replied Sam, "not much bigger than Garrick."

Curious Notion of Discount.—It chanced one gloomy day, in the month of December, that a good-humored Irishman applied to a merchant to discount a bill of exchange for him at rather a long, though not an unusual date; and the merchant having casually observed that the bill had a great many days to run, "That's true," replied the Irishman, "but then, my honey, you don't consider how short the days are this time of the year."

How to Make a Tour.—Take your carriage—stuff it well—add four horses, or, if not to be had, a pair may do. Select two or three agreeable friends—stir them up, and put them all into a good humor. Throw in a light wardrobe, a large sketch-book, and a heavy purse. Keep your purse open at both ends—oil your wheels—put them in rapid motion, and add as many accidents and adventures as can be got. Boil up the whole with plenty of enthusiasm—pour it out to cool in three large volumes—let the scum run off till it be reduced to one—slit it up into chapters, and then put it into the press.

The editor of the Transcript don't like the Terrapin Lunch in New York. Perhaps he didn't have a bowl from the large turtle.

Traveller.

Yes we did; but we could not get it down, no how. We could make a better soup of an old dish-cloth.

Boston Transcript.

Bulwer's Morality.—Christopher North thus snaps his whip at Bulwer:—

"Mr. Bulwer in his 'pride of place,' may by some 'mousing owlet be hawked at,' but he is in no danger of being 'killed;' and we have long looked with admiration on his daring flights. Among living novelists he has no equal—among living writers no superior; yet we could upset—we think—some of his moral opinions—correct and qualify others—and tear out a few by the roots."

A Sight.—To see two lazy loafers lying upon a table in the sun, one playing the jewsharp, and the other scratching him.

Sleeping Sound.—A man fell from a steamer on the North River, the other day, while asleep, and was in the water two hours, the New York papers say, before he woke up!

Boston Post.

Nothing Personal.—At a recent vestry meeting in a metropolitan parish, a Mr. Bushey said to a Mr. ——, who was church-warden at the time—'Sir, I mean nothing personal to my excellent friend, Mr. ——; but it is my conscientious belief that he has plundered the parish ever since he was born, and is the greatest thief in the universe. I do not wish to be personal—but I must say, he is a villain, an infamous scoundrel, and a radical. I now speak in my *vestal* capacity, and I think that every hand should have a 'whip to whip the rascal naked through the world.'"

Complimentary.—An English tourist, a Mr. Walker, gives the following libellous description of the *belles* of *la belle France*:—"The women of France, considered generally, are the ugliest in Europe. Their forms are angular, meagre, and arid; their skin of greenish brown or olive hue; their hair of an opaque, dirty looking black, and excessively coarse; their forehead low; general configuration of the forehead, as observed by Count Stendhat, like that of the monkey; their eyebrows compressed; their upper lip frequently covered with mustaches; and their voices rough."

The French Army.—The garrison at Paris is at this time composed of 10 regiments of infantry, three of cavalry, and one of artillery. There are 13 regiments in Africa, one in Italy, one in Corsica, 14 forming the corps of observation in the Pyrenees, and 109 distributed in the interior of the kingdom, making a total of 152 regiments, forming an effective force of about 300,000 men.

The Bowie Knife.—The papers the other day had a great deal of twaddle about the origin of the Bowie Knife; their statements were entirely wrong. The first person who had a Bowie knife made in this country, was the father of Col. James Bowie, who was killed in the Alamo. The old man was originally from Scotland, and settled a plantation up the Red River. He used it altogether as a hunting and a cane knife. Col. James Bowie, or as he was more familiarly called, Jem Bowie, *improved* upon it, as he thought, and first used the weapon in a duel. He became notorious by his bloody duel at Iberville, on the Plaquemine Bayou, in Louisiani; he was there shot down, and as his antagonist was stooping over him to despatch him, Jem Bowie seized him by the waist, and cut him nearly in half with his knife. The "brother" of Jem Bowie, spoken of in the Express as the inventor of the knife, is Reason Bowie, who lately lived at Thibadouxville, on the Bayou La Fourcha, near Lake Chicot, in Louisiana. He is nearly blind; and so far from being what he is described in the Express, used to be a perfect rowdy, as was Jem Bowie himself. Again, the Express says Jem Bowie used the knife at the Alamo. This is untrue; he was sick and helpless, and was butchered in bed. Col. Almonte told the writer of this article so; and Jem Bowie himself informed us of the history and origin of the knife as described above. This was also corroborated by Dr. Grant, of Nova Iberia, Attakapas, in whose possession we saw the original Bowie knife, in 1836. The knife found with Col. Bowie's baggage, in the Alamo, is now in the possession of Miss Charlotte Cushman, of the Park Theatre.

N. Y. Transcript.

Loafer's Summer Fashions.—A slight squint over the left eye; the right hand in the bosom; the thumb and fore-finger lightly touching the watch-guard. The hat should stand on five hairs, a corner of a silk handkerchief just showing itself at the left temple. The whiskers should be long, and earlocks descending half way down the face.

A light cane may be carried under the arm, which should be dexterously twirled, however, when you meet a dun. In such cases, the eyes should be steadfastly fixed on the clouds, and the step be brisk and hurried.

On meeting a lady, the upper lip should be gently curled, and if you have handsome teeth, be suddenly seized with a comical idea which creates a broad smile.

If you see a poor acquaintance, stoop to brush the dust off your trouser's leg, or pause a moment to look at a picture, if any such be near. He will pass by as a matter of course.

Carry a pocket full of pumice always with you to fling into the eyes of the tailors' boys, if there is no other way to get clear of them. Boston Pearl.

A country paper calls the editor of the Transcript a "*venerable* bachelor." What sort of a looking man was John Rogers, Mr. Transcript? We believe you saw him burnt! Post.

We should be right glad to know "what gemman trew dat last brick bat." What country paper is it, Master Post, that has such an accurate idea of our senescence! Perhaps it would like to see our teeth. They are sound yet, thanks to a temperate life, cold water, and a hard brush. But touching poor John Rogers, we remember him well. He was a tall, well-proportioned, fine looking old gentleman, with a bright eye and heavenly countenance. He wore a wig, according to the fashion of the times, which did not, however, in the least disfigure him. When we last visited the family, it was in company with our elder brother of the New York Gazette, who was particularly smitten with the beauty of Mrs. Rogers, who was surrounded by a family of children, but *we* rather cottoned to the "one at the breast" The old gentleman presented each of us with "a little book." We do not know what our brother has done with his copy, but we often "look upon" ours with many recollections "pleasing and mournful to the soul." Boston Transcript.

We have forgotten what paper it was that we clipped the ¶ from, but, upon our honor, we saw it some out-of-town journal. However, Mr. Transcript, you have given the information asked in a commendable manner, and we approve of your taste in the preference you express for the younger member of the Rogers family. Boston Morning Post.

The population of St. Petersburg appears, by the report of the police for 1837, to be as follows, viz.:—Males 328,719; females, 130,906; total, 468,625. The excess in the number of males is chiefly in the garrison, of 52,471 men, and 8,822 women, and in the peasants, domestics, and others of the lower classes, 152,260 males, and only 45,654 females.

A Backwoods Sheriff and his Dog.—Once upon a time I had taken my old Jupiter, that you have often heard me tell of; old Jupe was a nice thing, I had taken her 'long and gone off upon a bear hunt, had been absent two or three weeks, and had wandered very far from home. I was a venturesome lad in those days, and never better satisfied than when alone in the wild woods. I had worked my way down into the fork formed by the emptying of the Cumberland into the Ohio river, and I had worried the bears right badly. I had had rare sport. Old Jupe was in a good humor, and she and I was mighty loving, for she had fou't some fights which I never can forgit, and which made me love her like a new flint and she loved me as if I was a bacon bone, for I had helped her out of some of her difficulties, when it would have been a gone case if I hadn't been present; I say difficulties, for I never did see a dog so tired as she was. I do believe during some of these fights that I am now talking about I saw the bears hug her until they stretched her out into a long string. Yes I seen 'em squeeze her until she wan't larger than my arm and at least nine or ten feet long; you might have wound her up into a ball as you would have done a hank of yarn. Well, when she was stretched out in a string, or even tangled up in a knot, I would shoot the bear, draw her off one side, throw a little cold water over her, leave her, and go to butchering. In an hour, and sometimes it would take longer, she would begin to come together like a jointed snake, and presently she would fetch a yelp, and come streaking to me, shaped as she ought to be, showing her teeth, and looking as fresh as if she was a new made dog. And then wan't she vig'rous? You might have hung a cross cut saw to a swinging limb, and she would have chawed upon it the balance of the day, or have thrown her a bear's head, and she wouldn't touch the meat, but draw all the teeth out merely for spite."

Swimming.—A sailor named Samuel Brown, we are informed, swam, for a wager, from Smith's Foundery in this place, to Fort Washington, a distance of nearly eight miles! He was accompanied by a boat, to see that all was fair. This feat was performed on Wednesday evening. Alexandria Gazette.

Prince de Joinville Hats.—A new article has been got up at the South, which is thus described:—

"It is a *prime* article, of coarse yellow straw, with a crown of the shape and capacity of a pewter basin, and a brim of a diameter of an earthen milk pan. A fringe of straw resembling Brussels lace, *only a little coarser*, ornaments the edge of the brim; and a cord of straw, resembling a whip lash or a colonel's new fashioned epaulette, serves for a band; and this band terminates in a beautiful bunch of straw of various colors, serving for a top-knot. It is the real Prince de Joinville, and a capital thing for boat clubs, crow clubs, and such things."

The Prince will probably send us one by the next boat if he thinks them becoming. Poston Post.

The Retort Courteous.—Everybody knows that there is one member at least of Brooke's Club, whose stupidity there and elsewhere is proverbial; so much so, that when any one commits a mistake it is customary to hear the self-condemnation uttered by the exclamation, "I am a regular Joey H." The other night the veritable Joey happened to hear a juvenile member of the menagerie use his name in that manner, and cried out, "Sir, you are a fool." "You are right," was the prompt reply, "that is exactly what I meant to say." The room was literally convulsed.

Nomenclature of the Months.—A late wit, at the time when the revolutionary names of the months (Thermidor, Floreal, Nivose, &c.) were adopted in France proposed to extend the innovation to our own language, somewhat on the following model:—Freezy, Sneezy, Breezy, Wheezy; Showery, Lowery, Bowery, Flowery, Snowey, Flowey, Blowey, Glowey.

A noble lord was asked by his fair lady at the Chapel Royal last week, what the *collect* for the day was? Lord —— replied, "Oh! the second Sunday before the Derby."

Our neighbor of the Transcript has been cooling himself on a block of ice at the Mount Washington House. He got his thermometer down to sixty in a few minutes

A Relief.—Instant relief to the pain occasioned by the sting of the bee is afforded by the application of potash. To touch the part with indigo will have the same effect.

A doctor in Philadelphia announces, as the latest remedy for tooth-ache, that the mouth must be filled with cream—then you are to *bump your head against a wall till it turns to butter.*

A constable was stationed at the door of the hustings to prevent the crowd from forcing their way among the candidates. A gentleman came up to him, and putting a shilling into his hand, said, with an attempt to put off the smallness of the donation. "I take it for granted there is little corruption here!" "Yes, sir," said the constable, looking at the shilling, "but this is *too little.*"

Senator Ewing.—The following toast, so gratifying to the individual in question, was lately given at a festival in Ohio:—"Our distinguished guest, the Hon. Thomas Ewing—an ostler in 1810; a salt boiler in 1813; a student at law in 1817; an able barrister in 1825; a distinguished Senator in Congress in 1831—1837, returned to the Senate in 1840; and our candidate for President in 1844."

SYMPTOMS.

Symptom 1. When you meet a friend about 5 o'clock near his own house, and he stands gossiping with you at the street door, without knocking, take it as a symptom that you are not wanted to dinner.

Symptom 2. When you drop in for half an hour's chat at a friend's house in the evening, and your friend looks at his watch after you have been there two hours, while his wife packs up her needle work with a yawn, observing, "Well, I think it is time to give over for to-night," it is an infallible symptom you are a bore, and that the sooner you export yourself the better.

Symptom 3. If at an evening party you are selected to make one at a rubber of whist it is a symptom there are younger persons in the room whom the ladies cannot spare as well as yourself.

Symptom 4. If you are travelling outside a stage, and when you stop for dinner the porter brings you a ladder to descend, consider his civility as a decided symptom (whatever you may think of yourself) that he thinks you a gentleman who has arrived at a time of life not favorable to agility.

Symptom 5. When a pedlar-boy importunely offers to sell you a pair of spectacles as a bargain, you may conclude it is a symptom there is something in your appearance which denotes the father of a family, in spite of whatever the tailor may have done to dress you like your youngest son.

Symptom 6. If you meet a gentleman and lady, the gentleman looking vacantly serious, as if thinking of nothing—the lady placidly careless, as if perfectly satisfied—depend upon it these are symptoms of their being man and wife, and that the husband has consented to walk, though he would rather leave it alone, while the wife is pleased to find he is as attentive as ever But when you meet a lady and gentleman in earnest discourse, the gentleman talking much, the lady listening with downcast eyes, it is the symptom of an affair in progress which will probably end in going to church.

MATTHEWSIANA.

During Mathews' last visit to this country, he was, for the most part, in ill health. Aches and pains, incident to his years, together with an exquisitely nervous temperament, kept him a good portion of the time in hot water. His manner at such periods was querulous in the extreme. Every trifling annoyance was construed into a personal affront, or intended persecution.

The courteous and accomplished chief of the Tremont House, at Boston, was called in hot haste to his apartment, late of a dull March afternoon—the wind east. He found the inimitable mime limping about the room in a state of great agitation.

"Mr. S——," said he, "I am a miserable dog. You know it—everybody knows it. Nerves out of order"—here he described a semi-circle with his game leg, and drew down the sloping corner of his mouth—"nobody thinks anything of annoying poor Matthews. Look here—look *there*—THERE!" he continued as he drew his companion to the window, and pointed to a servant who was cracking walnuts for the next day's dessert in the court-yard. "There's a fellow for you. 'Click! click!' for an hour together, and looking up to me (miserable man!) with an infernal grin. There—there he goes again!"

An explanation followed, the servant was ordered away, and the excited drole became comparatively calm. But hardly had Mr. S—— reached his office before he was again recalled. Some one had entered the house by the private entrance, and by a slight tap or two at the door of a neighboring room, was "pulling the wires" of the unstrung actor's nervous system. This time it was with much difficulty that he could be pacified. From divers indigenous annoyances, he finally widened to the "people in general" of this country.

"Everybody delights to vex me," said he—"everybody. Sometimes I'm bored to death with impertinent questions; and then again I can't get more than a word from anybody, and that always of the shortest. I asked a passenger at table, on board the steamer coming on, what I should carve for him, (and we had waited twenty minutes for a servant,) from two meats before me, but beyond his reach.

"'Mutton!' said he.

"'What shall I give *you*, sir?' said I to his neighbor.

"'Beef!' was the reply, sent to me like a projectile.

"'Just reach me that salt," said a taciturn fellow to a man opposite.

"'There's salt by you,' was the reply.

"'I didn't see it,' rejoined the other.

"'Who said you did!' answered the amiable gourmand, keeping his eye on a plate of green peas, and exclaiming at the same time to a man near him, who was looking out for number one, 'Halves, Mister! halves, 'f you please!"

"When they had nearly bolted their meal, (you eat like pigs in America,) I ventured to observe to the first specimen, the weather behaving ridiculous, that it was getting roughish.

"'Humph!' said he. I repeated the remark. 'Humph!' again.

"'Don't you think the weather rather roughish?' I perseveringly inquired of his grum counterpart.

"'I leave it entirely to you,' said he, picking his teeth with an iron fork, and rising from the table. They call the Americans a civil people!" continued Matthews, in the very tone of Mr. Samuel Coddle, complaining of the wind whistling round his corner house—"civil!—well, sometimes they *are*. Then they are bores. But, generally, the Yankees are as short as a ship-biscuit. One night last week I said to a man in New York, as I was groping along somewhere near my lodgings—(no lights—lamps half out—couldn't find the way)—'Friend, I wish to go to Murray-street.'

"'Well,' said he, taking a long ill-flavored cigar from his mouth, (nine inches long, and nine for a penny,) 'well, why in h—ll don't you go to Murray-street?—nobody hinders you!'

"That, now, was polite! Ask a Frenchman what's o'clock, and he answers—'Half past nine—much obliged to you.' There's a contrast for you!" And thus the irritable comedian ran on, until Mr. S—— grew weary, when he paused, as we do, and his auditor escaped—like the reader. Knickerbocker.

ORDER OF PROCESSION

FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE 6TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY, FOR MELIORATING THE CONDITION OF THE INDIANS.

[From the Boston Morning Post.]

Escort of Penobscot Indians!

12 Marshals. CITIZENS! 12 Marshals.

Constable	Surviving officers of exploded steamboats, with banner; motto, "No blame can be attached to the Captain!"	Constable
Marshal	Holders of Fractional Bills, in Mourning.	Marshal
Architect	Subscribers to the Boston Exchange.	Master Builder
Voluntary Temperance Spies.	Legislative voters for the 15 gallon license law, with badges; motto, "Equal Laws, to secure to all Equal Rights!"	Mercenary Temperance Spies.
24 Marshals	Advocates for the Introduction of Pure Water, ten deep!	24 Marshals
Health Officer	Capitalists in favor of "The Same," in sulkies.	Health Officer
Agents	Partakers of Dr. Brandreth's Pills.	Agents
	BLACK BAND.	
Perfumer	Female Agitators in Abolition Societies, with banner; motto, "*Modesty is a quality that greatly adorns a Woman!*"	Perfumer
Marshal	ORATOR OF THE DAY.	Marshal
Marshal Rich	Monster Cod Association, with badges; motto, "*Round about the cauldron go, Let it simmer, sure and slow!*"	Marshal Newcomb
4 O. F. M.	Resident and non-Resident Foreign Pets of "our first men," with blue hat-bands; inscription, "*Say nothing, but laugh, and do that slily.*"	4 O. L. C.
Marshal mounted	Regular attendants at Gratuitous City Dinners, in carriages.	Marshal mounted
Constabulat'ry Force	Deputation of Canadian *Patriots*, with badges; motto, "*The very worst use to which you can put a man is to hang him!*"	Constabulat'ry Force
Marshal	Recipients of Premiums for successful American Tragedies	Marshal
Marshal	Superannuated feeders at Municipal Expense, in barouches, with banner; motto, "*Oh! the days are gone!*"	Marshal
Judge Johnson	Deputation from Quoddy Head, with banner; motto, "JOSH!"	Effigy of the Judge
Marshal Barr	Mayor and Aldermen, with badges; motto, "*Mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd*"	Marshal Fenno
Undertaker	Advocates of the Graham System, with supporters and banner; motto, "All Flesh is Grass."	Undertaker

B. Y. M. S. F. M. T. C. O. T. I.
with badges;
motto, "Use, but not Abuse."

Assistant Marshals are particularly requested to report themselves as early as eight o clock, on the morning of the 4th inst. Every gentleman will exhibit his dinner-ticket, tied to the fifth button-hole of a straight-bodied coat, with a pea-green ribbon. Dinner will be on the table at 3 o'clock precisely.

H. Cage, Chief Marshal.

CRIES OF NEW YORK.

The cries of New York, to an unpractised ear, cannot but lead one to suppose that these tramping salesmen have not thrown aside the Dutch language of the Stuyvesants, or, that they give notice of their business in *hog Latin*. Under your window you will see one of the huckster women, a basket covered with a white cloth, swinging on her arm, uttering the almost deafening cry of "*star-bris!*" Upon removing the covering, you will perceive she has on sale, in little "shilling" baskets, a fine lot of *strawberries*. At another time your ear will be saluted with "*he-rade-shees!*" The article for sale is what we Yankees call *radishes*. At some other moment, before you are aware of it, you will have thrust into your face a handful of oranges, with the generous offer of "five for a shillin'." Then anon, a wagon rattles over the pavement, with one or more large tin canisters in front; the driver sings out with the lungs of a Stentor, "*ki-her! ke-hir!*" This brings to the door the servant-maid, with her vessel—the man *unkivers* his canister, and with his measure, which has a handle some three feet long, deals out what we call *milk*. But the news-boys exhibit about as much volubility and glibness of tongue, and, withal, as much indistinctness in their enunciation, as any of their brothers or sisters in the peddling line. "*He-er-s the Vickly Herald, Vickly Vig, and Vickly Hery,*" says one, which being interpreted, means the *Weekly Herald Werkly Whig, and Weekly Era.* "*He-er-s the Transky, Mornin Hirald Post and Vickly Hery*"—all which the reader will know, except the first, which stands for *Transcript*. These little skipping urchins have probably been *crying* from the time of their borning: it is hereditary. They seem to be the branches of the mother Nick—not Nick Biddle's *branches*—for they some of them look like the Old Nick himself, and they exhibit their wares just in the *nick* of time. There's an old lady yonder, on the corner of Water street: she sits all day basking in the sunshine, with her table of oranges, apples, nuts and other nick-nacks before her. She has now got one of her offspring by her side, dressed up in daddy's clothes, patched up with many colors, and many of the patches hang dangling and fluttering in the wind, being but partially stitched to the main garment. Poor woman, she is so engrossed in the cares of her business, that she forgets the old adage, (if she ever knew it,) that "a stitch in time saves nine." However, she has rigged him out with a new palm-leaf hat, which ill corresponds with his other habiliments; and off he goes, kicking up his heels, rags flying, a strap passing over one shoulder and under his other arm, on which hang his papers; and thus accoutred, he commences his cry of "He-er-s the Vickly-Sun-and-Hirald—Vig-and-Vickly-Hery!" Dedham Advertiser.

FOR SALE,

THE CLUB BOAT DISOWNED, 39 feet long, well found with oars, &c. She was built by Seaman, of Jersey City, and won the great $2000 race last season, beating the Gen. Washington, of Poughkeepsie. Price $350. Application to be made to Capt. C. Cole, South Ferry, N. Y. [J2]

IMPORTED COLT FOR SALE.

A VERY FINE COLT, 3 years old last May, bred by his late Majesty William IV., at Hampton Court, and purchased at the annual sale of Yearlings for 165 guineas, will be sold at a bargain on application to the Editor of this paper. He was got by The Colonel, out of Goosander (the dam of Shoveller and Sailor) by Scud. He was imported into this city in his yearling form, and was trained this Spring by James Bathgate, Esq., at West Farms, but did not start, having been attacked with the distemper. He is a light chesnut without white, about 16 hands, and of great substance and promise. He may be seen at Mr. Bathgate's stable, about 14 miles from this city.

New York, June 30, 1838 [J30-3m*]

THOROUGH-BRED COLTS FOR SALE.

GRAY COLT, by Col. Johnson's Medley, (foaled in May, 1835, 15 hands one inch high,) dam by Duroc, grandam by Sir Solomon, g. g. dam Col. Hoome's imported mare Trumpetta. This is a beautiful colt

2. BAY COLT, foaled in May, 1836, by Alhambra, dam same as above. This is a very strongly formed colt, and of promising appearance. For pedigree of Alhambra see Am. Turf Register, Vol 7, No. 2. P 96.

The Duroc mare was bred by Mr. James Davison, and the Sir Solomon mare by the late Mr. Hunt, both formerly of this neighborhood.

The imported mare Trumpetta was sold by a son of Col. Hoomes to the late Mr. Bela Badger, and finally came into the hands of Mr. Hunt. Trumpetta was the grandam of Mr. Badger's Trumpator, a horse of reputation now standing in the West.

The two colts may be had for $400. If not sold before the 22d of May, they will be offered at public sale during the first Spring meeting at Camden.

Application to be made to the subscriber, near Bordentown, N. J.

[a14] A. ASHBURNER.

ENVOY

WAS IMPORTED from England by the Hon. Judge Wilkins, late Minister from the United States to Russia. He is now 5 years old, of the richest bay color, without a white hair upon him, and is 16 hands and one inch high. He is now at the stable of Mr. Lewis K. Grigsby in Winchester, Clark County, Ky., where it is intended by his owners he will remain for the present, and where he will be introduced to a few mares only, and them of good pedigree. Mr. Grigsby has now in his possession a filly by Envoy, out of an old Moses mare, owned by James Wilson, foaled on the 14th April last, which, from present appearances, is not second to any in the United States.

Pedigree of Envoy.—Envoy was sired by Memnon, who was certainly the most distinguished horse of his day—he was by Whisker (brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c.) out of Manilla by Dick Andrews; her dam Mandane, by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Calibri. &c. The dam of Envoy is Zarina, by Morisco, by Muley; her dam, Ina by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander—Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab, &c. &c. JAMES WILSON, Proprietor.

Extract of a Letter from a highly respectable Gentleman in Kentucky, dated April 21, 1838:—

"Mr. Wilson.—I went to see your imported horse *Envoy*, at Mr. Grigsby's—he was very fine, and appears, in all his parts, to be all he ought to be. I also saw the filly by Envoy, out of your old Moses mare: it was foaled on the 14th April, and is really very large and very fine. You speak highly of a colt you have, 11 months old, but I doubt very much if you have as fine a colt as this, and from its appearance, Envoy must breed well."

June, 1838. [J23-6t*]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [A26]

TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellent assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS of my own manufacture

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles, and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c &c. &c.

A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y. [m31] J. CONROY.

PATENT ARMS MANUFACTURING Co.
No. 155
BROAD-WAY NEW-YORK.
COLT'S PATENT.

THE ABOVE COMPANY have now on hand, and offer for sale the following Repeating Arms:—

RIFLES, for eight charges—with equipments complete.
PISTOLS of different sizes, for five charges—do. do.

The Equipments consist of Charger, Extra Receiver, Bullet Mould, Cap-Primer, Cleaning Rod, Lever, Belt, &c, all of which are put up in mahogany cases.

Cap Primers for Sporting Guns, of new and perfect construction.

☞ *Dealers* supplied on the most liberal terms.

Orders will receive immediate attention, if directed to the subscriber,

[J23] C. B. ZABRISKIE, Sale Agent, 155 Broadway, N. Y.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

THIS Institution, formerly of Courtlandt-street, will be re-opened for the reception of pupils on the first of May next, at 258 Spring-street, near Hudson. Arrangements have been made for persons coming from the country, and others that choose it, to board at the Institute, and thus be constantly under the superintendence of the Principal. The system taught will be the same as practised by the subscriber for the last five years, with such complete success. Hundreds of persons in this city and the adjoining country, have experienced its benefits, and testified to its complete efficacy in curing the worst of stammerers. Pupils will be received from five years old to forty, and a cure in all cases guaranteed, or the money will be refunded.

Terms, from $25 to $100, (the indigent cured gratis). For further information apply to the subscriber at the Institute, if by letter, post paid

Circulars can be had, by applying as above, containing certificates of cures, recommendations, &c. HENRY WELLS, *Principal.*

New York, April, 1838

AMOS HEAD,

SUCCESSOR TO I. N. HAYNES & Co., 136 Fulton Street, begs to apprise his friends and the public, that he is able to supply them with Gentlemens' Clothing upon the same liberal terms as his predecessors. He trusts that by prompt attention to business, and the fashionable style and excellent quality of his clothing to merit a continuance of the patronage extended to Messrs. Haynes & Co., and also to secure increased patronage from the public, pledging himself to spare no pains or expense to deserve it. His stock of goods has recently been increased, by the addition of the most fashionable articles in the market, which he begs his friends and customers to call and examine.

New York, June 25, 1838. [J30-tf.]

CHEAP MUSIC.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 BROADWAY, New-York,—where may always be obtained a large and valuable assortment of music, musical instruments, and musical merchandise of every variety, and of the first quality.

New and fashionable music, also standard publications of old and valuable music, gamots, and instruction books, church music, and music for the flute, &c.

Music bound in superior style, with spring backs

The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that having made arrangements with the manufacturer, he will be constantly supplied with PIANO FORTES of every description, which, for superiority of touch, richness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the country.

Great attention will be given to orders for Piano Forte tunings, both as regards the manner of tuning, and the punctuality of executing orders.

The stock of music merchandise is very extensive, embracing every article appertaining to music, both of European and American manufacture. [m5]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - -	Lafayette Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, Tuesday 11th Dec.
" "	Match. $1000 a-side, 2 miles. *Target* vs. *Volney* Fall meeting.
CAMDEN, N. J. - - - -	Match. $500 a-side, 2 m. h., *Langford* vs *Willis*. Fall meeting.
CULPEPER C. H., Va. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept
FORT SMITH, Arks. - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 24th Oct.
GREENSBORO', Ala. -	Henry Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th Oct.
JEFFERSON CO., Miss.	Jefferson Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 21st Nov.
LOUISVILLE Ky. - - -	Oakland Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st or 2d Tuesday in Oct.
LYNCHBURG Va. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Sept.
MOBILE Ala - - - -	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall meeting 4th Tuesday, 27th Nov.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday 13th Nov.
MONTREAL, L. C - - -	St. Pierre Course, 5th Tuesday, 8th Aug.
MOUNT STERLING Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 13th Sept.
NEW IBERIA, La. - - -	Quarter race, $1000 a-side, *Brilliant* vs *Brooks* 13th Oct.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - -	Metarie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.
" " "	Eclipse Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Dec.
NEW YORK CITY. - -	Beacon Course, *Athletic Exercises* 1st Wednesday, 5th Sept.
OLYMPIAN SPRINGS, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Thursday, 27th Sept.
QUEBEC, L. C. - - - -	Annual Autumn Meeting, 1st Monday, 3d Sept
ST. MATTHEWS, S. C -	Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
TRENTON, N. J. - - -	Eagle Course, Fall meeting, the week after Camden, N J
TALLAHASSEE Flo. - -	Marion Course, J. C. Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in Jan.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

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Blood Stock of Major A. K. Wooley and Thomas Van Swearingen,

of Lexington, Kentucky June 17, 1838.

No. 1. *Florantha*, ch. m. purchased of Dr. Thomas Hammond, of Virginia, and bred by James Montgomery, of Harford County, Maryland, by Knonsley (he by Imported Knonsley, his dam by Bellair, &c.) dam Alexandria (half sister of Lady Lightfoot), grand dam Black Maria by Imp. Shark, (the dam also of Lady Lightfoot,) g. g. dam Vington's dam by Imp. Clockfast, g. g. g. dam Cole Burwell's Maria, by Fitzhugh's famous Regulus (son of Imp. Fearnought out of Imp. Jenny Dismal), out of Cole Burwell's Camilla by Imp. Fearnought, g. g. g. g. dam Bird's Miss Calista by Forester, Crab, Hobgoblin, Bajaget's dam by Whitenose, Leedes, Barb Mare. The sire of Alexandria, (the dam of Florantha,) was by Imp. Alexander, he by Lord Grosvenor's old Alexander, son of English Eclipse his dam by Sweet Briar, grandam by King Herod, g. g. dam out of Monimias dam, who was by Alcides out of Snap's dam.

PRODUCE.

1st. B. f. *Mary Whiteford*, never trained, presented to Capt. L. G. Postlethwaite by Lea Gull.

2d. B. c. 3 years old. By Lea Gull. Sold.

3d. B. c. *Richelieu*, foaled April 7th, 1837, by Imp. Derby—large and promising.

4th. B. f. *Laura*, by Mucklejohn, foaled March 26th, 1838—a beautiful filly, strong and large. Florantha is stinted to Woodpecker.

No. 2. *Lady Grey*, gr. m. (formerly Alice Grey) six years old (bred by Solomon Clark of Tennessee, and purchased of A. Barnes, Esq. of Stafford Hall, Maryland), by Sir Richard (full brother of Monsieur Tonson), her dam Lucy Clark by Tennessee Oscar, g. dam by Imp. Knonsley, g. g. dam by Imp. Diomed.

PRODUCE.

1st. Ch. c. *Darnley*, foaled in 1836, by John Richards, entered in a stake to be run over the Lexington Course next Spring.

2d. B. c. *Howard*, foaled in April 13th, 1838, by American Eclipse. Lady G. is stinted to Woodpecker.

No. 3 Ch. m. *Hannah Maree*, five years old, bred by Henry Shepherd Esq. of Jefferson County, Va. by Gohanna, dam Sally Maree by Carolinian, g. dam by Imp. Jack Andrews, Imp. Driver, Highflyer, Col. Richard Johnson's Ariel, Col. Gaines' Careless, Imp. Janus. See Turf Register, Vol. 3d, p. 207.

PRODUCE.

Ch. f. *Ecelyn*, foaled May 15th, 1838, by Am. Eclipse. H. M. is stinted to Medoc.

A. K. WOOLEY.
THOMAS VAN SWEARINGEN.

BLOOD STOCK OF JOHN HARRIS, ESQ.

(Forks of Elkhorn, Franklin Co., Ky.)

To the Editor of the Franklin Farmer,—SIR,—In the Farmer of the 30th of December last, is published an account of my present stock of blood horses. Owing to some remarks of yours, in that paper and subsequent ones, I have been induced to make out and send you the pedigrees of some of the most noted of my breeding of the blood horse since 1802. Yours, &c. JOHN HARRIS.

No. 1. *Jane Hunt*, a dark bay mare, foaled in 1796, sired by Gen. Wade Hampton's Paragon, dam by Imported Figure; g. dam Miss Slamerkin by Imp. Wildair, and out of the Imported mare Cub.

Jane Hunt was bred by my father-in law, Danl. Hunt, of New Jersey, and given to me, and I brought her to Kentucky in 1798.

It may not be unnecessary to remark, that my father-in-law purchased Old Slamerkin at Delancy's sale, in New York, bred her for a number of years, rode her to Virginia, and disposed of her to Mr. Goode. On his way to Virginia he bred her to Imported Obscurity at Baltimore.

Paragon was bred by Gen. Wade Hampton, foaled in 1788, sired by Imported Flimnap, dam Camilla by Col. Burwell's Traveller; g. dam Camilla by Old Fearnought; g. g. dam Col. Bird's Calista, Imported.

Burwell's Traveller was got by Morton's Traveller, (Imported) out of Col. Bird's Calista.

Imported Figure was got by Standard, out of the Beaufort Arabian mare, &c.

Wildair, Imported, got by Cade, dam Steady mare, &c.

No. 2 *Indiana*, a bay mare, foaled in 1802, sired by Butler's Columbus, dam No. 1.

Butler's Columbus was got by Imported Pantaloon, out of Lady Northumberland, Imported, &c.

No. 3. *Shepherdess*, a dark brown mare, foaled in 1803, sired by Imported Speculator, dam No. 1.

Imported Speculator was by Dragon, son to Woodpecker, dam by King Herod, &c.

No. 4. *Express*, a bay horse, foaled in 1806, sired by Imported Sterling, dam No. 1.

I took No. 4 to Tennessee in 1811, and sold him to John Childers & Co.

No. 5. *Sally Sneed*, a bay mare, foaled 18th of April, 1807, sired by Imported Buzzard, dam No. 1.

Imported Buzzard was got by Woodpecker, dam Misfortune by Dux, &c.

I parted with No. 5 to James Quarles, of Woodford county, Kentucky; she was afterwards taken to Tennessee, and is the g. dam of John Bascom.

1809 or 1810, I parted with No. 1 to the late Judge Todd; she afterwards produced Tiger, Grecian Princess and Little Tiger, by Blackburn's (or Cook's) Whip.

No. 6. *Blacklegs*, a bay mare, foaled in 1806, sired by Imported Sterling, dam No. 2.

I took this mare (No. 6) to Tennessee in 1811, and sold her to John Childers.

No. 7. *Hannah Harris*, a bay mare, foaled 22d of April, 1807, sired by Imp. Buzzard, dam No. 2.

In 1811 or 1812, I parted with No 2 to to the late Judge Todd; she was afterwards taken to Tennesse for Judge McNary.

No. 8. *Letty Hazlett*, a brown mare, foaled in 1812, sired by Old Hamiltonian, dam No. 3.

Old Hamiltonian was got by Imported Diomede, dam by imported Shark, &c.

No. 9 *Paragon*, a dark bay horse, foaled 20th of March, 1819, sired by Blackburn's Whip, dam No 7.

I sold No. 9 at six years old to Jas. Berryman and Rich. Jackson, of Woodford county, Kentucky.

Blackburn's (or Cook's) Whip, got by Imported Whip, dam Speckleback by Celer, &c.

No. 10. *Apollo*, a sorrel horse, foaled the 26th of March, 1821, sired by Blackburn's Whip, dam No. 7.

In 1827 I sold No. 10 to Capt. John Anderson, of Mason county, Kentucky.

No. 11. *Miss Slamerkin*, a dark bay mare, foaled the 23d of March, 1823, sired by Tiger, dam No. 7.

Tiger is by Blackburn's Whip, dam Jane Hunt, No. 1.

No. 12. *Red Rover*, a bay horse, foaled 20th June, 1825, sired by Potomac, dam No. 7.

Potomac by Imported Diomede.

In 1833, No. 12 was taken to Ohio, and sold to Mr. Fife.

I parted with No. 7 in October, 1826, to Dr. E. Warfield of Lexington, Kentucky; she was at that time in foal by Aratus.

13. *Fleetwood*, a sorrel horse, foaled in 1824, sired by No. 9, dam Letty Hazlett No. 8.

I parted with No. 13 at three years old to Capt. John Anderson, of Mason county, Kentucky.

No. 14. ———, a brown horse, foaled in 1823, sired by Tiger, dam No. 8.

I sold No. 14 at two years old to Thos. Watson.

No. 15. *Kitty Bodley*, a bay mare, foaled in 1826, sired by Apollo, No. 10, dam No. 8. Sold to R. Pindell, Esq. Lexington.

No. 16. *Miss Obstinate*, a dark brown mare, foaled 24th of April, 1829, sired by Sumpter, dam No. 11.

Sumpter was got by Sir Archie, his dam by Imported Robin Red-breast; g. dam by Imported Obscurity; g. g. dam Miss Slamerkin by Wildair, and out of Cub.

No. 17. *Bob Collins*, a bay horse, foaled in May, 1831, sired by Thornton's Ratler, dam No. 11.

No. 17 was gelded and taken to Mississippi.

Ratler is a full brother to Sumpter.

No. 18. *Sea Breeze*, a dark bay horse, foaled in 1832, sired by Sea Gull, dam No. 11.

At three years old I sold No 18 to Wm. French of Franklin county, Kentucky.

I sold Miss Slamerkin, No. 11, to John L. Blaine, of Franklin county, Kentucky.

Sea Gull is by Sir Archie, dam Nancy Air, &c.

No. 19. ———, a dark brown horse, foaled 1831, sired by Kosciusko, dam No. 15.

I sold No. 19 to J. C. Long of Woodford county, Kentucky.

Kosciusko by Sir Archie, dam Lottery, &c.

No. 20. *Humming Bird*, a bay mare, foaled 20th of May, 1832, sired by Ratler, dam No. 15.

I sold No. 15 to Dr. Church of Lexington, Kentucky.

No. 21. *Morgiana*, a dark bay mare, foaled 15th of April, 1834, sired by Ratler, dam No. 16.

No. 22. *Mary Morris*, a bay mare, foaled 28th April, 1836, sired by Medoc, dam No. 16.

No. 23. *Charlotte Martin*, a bay mare, (bred by W. S. Hunter of Woodford county, Kentucky,) foaled 17th of April, 1836, sired by Richard Singleton, dam by Blackburn's Whip; g. dam by Hunter's Duke of Bedford; g. g. dam by Imp. Buzzard; g. g. g. dam Gen. Wade Hampton's Paragon; g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Obscurity; g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imported Figure; g. g. g. g. g. g. dam Miss Slamerkin by Wildair and out of Cub mare.

Hunter's Duke of Bedford, sired by the Duke of Bedford, dam by Copperbottom; g. dam by Gen. Wade Hampton's Paragon. The remainder of this pedigree like No. 23.

Copperbottom was get by Brilliant, out of Slut by Fearnought, dam by Mark Anthony: g. dam Jolly Roger; g. g. dam by Partner, &c.

Imported Obscurity was by O'Kelly's Eclipse, &c. JOHN HARRIS.

The Royal Plate at Windsor is kept, we are told, in a large room and an adjoining closet, and is valued at £1,750,000 sterling! There is one gold service—formed by Geo. IV. to dine one hundred and thirty guests—some pieces of which were taken from the Spanish Armada, some brought from India, Burmah, China, etc.; one vessel belonged to Charles XII. of Sweden, and another to the King of Ava; a peacock of precious stones, valued at £30,000! and a tiger's head (Tippoo's footstool) with a solid ignot of gold for his tongue, and crystal teeth; numerous splendidly ornamented gold shields—one made from snuff boxes—valued at 8000 guineas, and thirty dozen plates, which cost 26 guineas each The silver wine-cooler, which was made for Geo. IV., is enclosed with plate glass. The superb chasing and other ornamental works on this truly magnificent specimen of the handiwork of man, it is well known, occupied two years. Two full grown persons may sit in it without inconvenience.

SWEEPSTAKES—TREE HILL, NEAR RICHMOND.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Tree Hill Course, near Richmond. Fall Meeting, 1838.

No. 1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

No. 2 Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, out of mares that never produced a winner; sub. $150, ft $100. Two mile heats.

No. 3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats.

The above stakes will close on or before the 20th Aug. 1838.

No. 4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1838, to run Spring 1841; sub. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1839.

No. 5 Sweepstakes of $100 each, h. ft.. Mile heats to which will be added a Gold Cup value $500, given by the owners of Chateau Margaux, Tranby, Whale, & Co., for the produce of mares covered by either of their horses in the Spring of 1835, to be run Spring of 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Randolph Harrison, jun., names produce of I. C. and Imp. Tranby.
2. Also, produce of Molly Andrews and Tranby.
3. William Gail names produce of Sally Drake and Tranby.
4. J. W. Dorell names produce of Imp. Isabella and Tranby.
5. William A. Cocke names produce of Amy and Tranby.
6. C. T. Totts names produce of his gr. m. (by Eclipse) and Tranby.
7. Wm. Burton names produce of the dam of Veto and Tranby.
8. Bierton & Robinson name produce of Silvertail and Tranby.
9. Samuel S. Myers names produce of Lady Barksdale and Tranby.
10. James Barbour names produce of Imp. Anna Maria and Tranby.
11. Dabney Goldthwaite names produce of gr. m. (by Sir Charles) and Tranby.
12. Wm. Wynn names produce of Florizel and Chateau Margaux.
13. Also, produce of Martha Ann and Tranby.
14. Williamson & Poindexter name produce of a Florizel mare and Tranby.
15. J. L. Deanes names produce of an Alfred mare and Tranby.
16. W. H. Minge names produce of the dam of May Day and Tranby.
17. J. B. Kendall names produce of Mary Randolph and Tranby.
18. Joshua Goode names produce of a Sir Charles mare and Tranby.
19. Edmund Townes names produce of the dam of Medriff, and Whale.
20. Wm. Townes names produce of a Sir Harry mare and Whale.
21. Samuel S. Louades names the produce of a Potomac mare and Whale.
22. Ed. F. Wickham names produce of Julianna's dam and Tranby.
23. Thos. H. Lawson names produce of Phillis and Tranby.
24. William M. Chamberlayne names produce of Violet (by Herod) and Tranby.
25. J. M. Sheppard & R. C. Williamson name produce of Malcolm's dam and Tranby.
26. A. T. B. Merritt names produce of Clara Fisher and Chateau Margaux.
27. W. H. E. Merritt names produce of Caledonia and Chateau Margaux.
28. Also, produce of Sally Hope and Chateau Margaux.
29. W. S. Scott names produce of a Washington mare and Tranby.
30. Also, produce of a gr. m. (by Sir Charles) and Tranby.
31. E. O. Watkins names produce of a b. m. (by Sir Charles) and Tranby.
32. O. P. Hare names produce of a Sir Solomon mare and Chateau Margaux.
33. Daniel Dugger names produce of Polly Peacham and Imp. Fylde.
34. Also produce of Jennie Deans and Fylde.
35. R. M. Rogator names produce of Lady Charles and Tranby.
36. W. F. Wickham names produce of a Virginian mare and Tranby.
37. Abner Crump names produce of Pomona and Chateau Margaux.
38. C. Thompson & Doswell name produce of Lady Rowland and Tranby.
39. Thos. Doswell & Bunley name produce of a Contention mare and Tranby.
40. Wm. J. Clace & Williamson name produce of a Herod mare and Tranby.
41. Lemuel Vaughan names produce of Lapanto's dam and Tranby.
42. Jefferson Minor names produce of a Red Rover mare and Tranby.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to the above stakes will write to the Proprietor before the time of closing. [The last stake, No. 5, is closed.]

[Jy14-4t] JOHN P. WHITE, *Proprietor*.

St. LOUIS (Mo.) FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races over the St. Louis Course, will commence on Monday, 8th Oct., and continue six days.

First day—Purse $50, with the entrance money ($25 each) added. Mile heats. No distance.

Second day—Purse $150, ent. $15; Mile heats.
Third day—Purse $200, ent. $20; Two mile heats.
Fourth day—Purse $300, ent. $30; Three mile heats.
Fifth day—Purse $500, ent. $50; Four mile heats.
Sixth day—Purse $150, ent. $15; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the U. S.

Owners of horses may rest assured that the Course will be in the best order possible, and that every accommodation in the way of stabling will be in readiness for their reception. [Jy14] BENJAMIN AMES, *Proprietor*.

BEACON COURSE.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES will be run over the above course on Tuesday, 18th Sept. next.

Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $200 added by the Proprietors. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

The FIRST FALL MEETING will commence on Wednesday, 26th Sept. [Jy14]

MOUNTAIN SYLPH FOR SALE.

THE celebrated Trotting Mare *Mountain Sylph* will be sold at auction at the *Hippona*, on Friday, the 20th inst., if not previously disposed of at private sale. This fine animal is so well known by her brilliant performances on the turf, that no description of her is deemed requisite. She may be seen at the residence of her owner, 6½ miles from the City Hall, on the Bloomingdale Road [Jy14-1t]

THE KNICKERBOCKER HOTEL, PARK ROW.

THIS Establishment, now under the superintendance of A. S. ALLEN, formerly of Boston, offers greater advantages to Travellers and Transient and Permanent Boarders, than any other Hotel in New York, not only as regards its superior accommodations, but also the great economy of its charges

Situated in the most centrel part of the city, overlooking the Park, and in the very midst of every thing that is attractive as regards amusements, and every thing that is useful as regards business, the Knickerbocker cannot fail of being not only an eligible, but a desirable location for Travellers, and all others who wish to unite comfort with economy.

Attached to the Hotel are rooms for Military and Public uses, Private Rooms, Billiard Rooms, Bowling Allies, &c. [Jy14-1t]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence, over the Bascombe Course, on Tuesday, the 27th November, and continue five days

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds Spring of 1838, sub $250, ft. $100, Dash of one mile; to name and close 1st Aug; 4 or more to make a race

Messrs. Nott & Fearn. | Col. Vance Johnston.
Col Jas S Garrison. | Mr. David Stephenson.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats..............	$500
Third Day—J. C. Purse Three mile heats..............	700
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats..............	1000
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5........	300

Free for all ages.

Sables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor. Five per cent. entrance to the Purses—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

F. K. WEST, *Sec'y*.

P. S. Entries to the Sweepstakes must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary.

[apl21] F. K. W.

CARROLLTON (Ky.) FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1838 will commence, over the Carrollton Course, on Monday, Sept. 3d, and continue five days

First Day—Match $100 a-side, h. ft., One mile, between Mr. Carracoe's ch. h. *Charley* and Mr. Seymour's *Ellen Ross*.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; sub. $25 each h. ft. Mile heats. Closed with 4 subs

H. Vaughan names ch. c. Tom Smith, by Lance, dam by Botts' Lafayette.
E. S. Revill names b. f. Oxidente, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel.
G. E. Blackburn names Amanda Zureman, by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy.
Thos. Moore names b. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Camsil.

Third Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub $30 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Four subs, and closed

H. Vaughan names ch. f. by Lance, dam by Sir Archy.
G. E. Blackburn names gr. f. Arilla, by Lance, dam by Bertrand.
Thos. Moore names b. f. by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun by Kassina.
Stephen T. Drane names bl. f. by Mark Anthony, dam by Botts' Lafayette.

Same Day—J. C. Purse $——. Mile heats
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse $—— Two mile heats.
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse $—— Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Sixth Day—J. C. Purse $——. Three mile heats

Free for all ages.

The amount of the Purses is not yet ascertained, but will be liberal

[Jy7-9t] HIRAM SENOURS, *Secretary*.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) FALL RACES.

WILL commence over the Oakland Course, either on the First or Second Tuesday in October next. Due notice will be given, however. During the meeting, the following Sweepstakes will come off:—

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo Sanders names b. c. Accident, by Bertrand, out of Diamond.
2. J. R. Ward names b. f. by Bertrand, out of Black-eyed Susan.
3. Willa Viley names b. c. by Bertrand, out of Maria.
4. M. W. Dickey names b. c. by Sir Archy Jr., out of Maria Howe.
5. J. K. Duke names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott.
6. Wm. Buford names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Peggy Stewart.
7. R. B. Tarlton names gr. c. by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia.
8. J. Bradley names f. Lady Slipper, by Dungannon, out of Jenny Jenkins.
9. Oakland Association name f. Maid of Oakland, by Oakland, out of Kitty White.
10. S. Burbridge names R. B. Tarlton's c. by Singleton, out of Fan.
11. Geo. W. Tarlton names c. Sir Charles, by Collier, dam by Doublehead.
12. L. Sanders, Jr., names ch. c. Acornanont, by Collier, out of Old Crop.
13. S. Davenport names ch. f. by Frank dam by Kosciusko.
14. J. Shy names c. Darby Allen, by Collier, out of Lady Jackson.
15. J. W. Fenwick names ch. f. Lady Bertrand, by Bertrand.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year old fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. F. Kerr names b. f. Josephine, by Waxy, dam by Cumberland.
2. Geo. N. Sanders names b. f. Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun.
3. M. R. Tarlton names Robt. Mosby's b. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Whip.
4. G. S. Jones not named.
5. M. Thompson names b. f. by Columbus, out of Rickety by Sir Archy.
6. S. Burbridge names ch. f. Eliza Henry, by Contract, out of Kitty Whip.
7. J. W. Fenwick names Willina Herndon, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster.
8. Thos. G. Moore names br. f. Fanny Lightfoot, by Lafayette Stockholder, out of Beautiful by Sumpter

3. A Stallion Stake for 3 year olds; sub. $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. Four subs, and closed.

William Buford, Jr., names the get of Medoc.
M. R. Tarlton " " Woodpecker.
T. G. Moore " " Sparrowhawk.
Y. N. Oliver " " Waxy.

4. A Post Stake for 1838, 1839, and 1840, for 3 year olds; sub $100 each, h. ft. The Association to give a Silver Plate, value $500. The 2d best horse to receive $100 of the Stake. Two mile heats. Eighteen subs. and closed.

1. G. N. Sanders
2. G. N. Sanders
3. S. Burbridge
4. S. Burbridge
5. Mason Thompson
6. Benjamin Lockett
7. M. R. Tarlton
8. F. R. Robinson
9. Jas. L. Brady
10. R. Pindell
11. Wm. Buford, Jr.
12. M. W. Dickey
13. J. K. Duke
14. Robt. Burbridge
15. J. W. Fenwick
16. J. R. Grigsby
17. Thos. G. Moore
18. Wm. Wynn.

5. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; sub. $100, h. ft. One mile. To name and close 4th July 1838. Now 4 subs.

Geo. R. Blackburn | Wm. Buford, Jr | E. M. Waggener | M. W. Dickey.

PURSES

For Four mile heats, Jockey Club Purse	- -	$1200
Three mile heats, Proprietor's "	- -	700
Two mile heats, Oakland Plate, value	- -	500

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor*.

☞ THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December next. Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor*.

Louisville June 25 1838. [J7]

CULPEPER C. H. (Va.) FALL RACES,

WILL commence on the Fourth Tuesday, 25th day of September next, and continue five days.

First Day—Match, $1000 a side, 100lbs on each, Three mile heats, between

John P. White's gr. g. *Dandy*, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged.
James Hansbrough's b.h. *Klapper*, by Mason's Rattler, dam by Walnut.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

The above stakes are to close on the 15th of August next. A sufficient number of entries have already been made to insure a race. Any entry named before the 15th Aug. can be changed up to that day.

Third Day—J. C. Purse $300, ent. $20.

Fourth Day—Proprietor's Purse $150, ent. $10, Two mile heats.

Same day—Handicap Sweepstakes, for all ages; sub. $25 each. One mile. To close the evening preceding the race.

Fifth Day—Purse ——, with the gate money of the day added; ent. $20 or $30; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds raised in Culpeper, or some adjoining county, or next to an adjoining county; sub. 50 bushels of wheat, to be delivered at some country mill in one of the counties in which colts may be entered, ft. $25. If the winner should prefer it, the proprietor will give him at the races $1 per bushel for the wheat of any responsible miller put up as the entrance.

[J7-t22s.] WILLIAM DUVAL, *Proprietor*.

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD Va.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 year olds, Spring meeting of 1839, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner. Mile heats. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839. Now several subs. and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class Intended entirely for *honest countrymen*, who are *kept out of play generally*, by the *high trump*.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100 To name and close as above.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1837. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st July 1838 Now 3 subs.

Also,—A Post Stake for 3 year olds, Fall meeting of 1838. Two mile heats. Sub. $200, P. P

And a Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, same time. One mile Sub. $100, h. ft. Now two subs

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds. Fall meeting of 1838 Two mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race To close 1st Sept. Now two subs and promises well

Same time—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race. Mile heats. Sub $200, ft $150 Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1838, out of mares that never produced a winner, to be run 4th day of Spring meeting, 1841. Sub $150, ft. $100. To close 1st Sept. 1838. Now several subs.

A Post Stake for 4 year olds, (native and imported stock, and crosses,) to be run 1st day of Spring meeting, 1839. Three mile heats Sub $500, ft. $200 Four or more to make a race To close 1st March, 1839 [J30-tf.] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor*.

LAFAYETTE COURSE—AUGUSTA, Ga.

THE Annual Jockey Club Fall Meeting on this Course, will commence on Tuesday, the 11th of December next, and continue four days. The following liberal purses will be given:—

Tuesday—Two mile heats, Purse	- - - - - -	$400
Wednesday—Three mile heats, Purse	- - - - - -	700
Thursday—Four mile heats. Purse	- - - - - -	1500
Friday—Mile heats best 3 in 5. Purse	- - - - - -	400

The purses are subject to a deduction of 15 per cent, (as carried by a resolution of the Club,) to defray the expenses of a Jockey Club Ball. There will be no division of Purses as at the last meeting. JAMES LAMKIN & Co., *Proprietors*.

Augusta, June 22, 1838.

Spring Meeting, 1839.

THE Annual Spring Meeting of the Jockey Club for 1839 on the Lafayette Course, will commence on Tuesday, 2d week of March. The following purses will be given.—

Tuesday—Two mile heats, Purse	- - - - - - -	$400
Wednesday Three mile heats	- - - - - - -	600
Thursday Four mile heats	- - - - - - -	1000
Friday—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.	- - - - - - -	400

No deduction for the Jockey Club Ball at this meeting.

[J30-4t] JAS. LAMKIN & Co., *Proprietors*.

TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES—BEACON COURSE.

BY the solicitation of a number of Gentlemen, the Proprietors are induced to offer the following Sweepstakes, to come off the first part of September, on the Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J.

1st Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $300 added by the Proprietors Three mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

2 Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $300 added by the Proprietors. Three mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

3 Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, in Harness Three or more to make a race.

4 Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never trotted for money; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

5 Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never trotted for money; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

☞ Entrance to be made at Randel Smith's Hotel, No 31 Park Row, on or before the 1st of August, by 9 o'clock in the evening, when the entries will be opened.

If only one horse starts, he shall not be entitled to the money added

For each Sweepstake the track must be in good order, or postponed until it is. The Judges must decide. A. L. BOTTS, *Sec'y*.

New York, June 30, 1838 [J30-tf.]

SETTER FOR SALE.

A VERY HANDSOME SETTER, 3 years old, liver color and white, may be had cheap on application to This Office He is staunch, under perfect command, and for Woodcock is not excelled by any setter in the country. [Jy7-3t]

STALLION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

TALMA, own brother to *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, will be sold low, or farmed out during the ensuing season. He is a grey, about 16 hands high, and perfectly sound. Apply (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper. [m17.]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe where he will continue his practice as operative Surgeon and Accoucheur [J10]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD
WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Eighth) of this paper was commenced on the 17th of February, 1838, being the *third* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836 (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of [illegible].) [illegible] THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, is taken to forward by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance - - - - - - - - -	$5 00
For Six Months' Subscription, in advance - - - - - - - - -	2 50
The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—	
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